JULY 25c

Coronet

A Mother-In-Law Says:

"I WON'T GIVE UP MY SONS!"

America's Most Popular Dogs

HOW TO TEST YOUR EMOTIONAL MATURITY

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Summer sun is great for fun. But oh, so bad for hair!

Which is your hair problem?

Hair abused by Summer Sun?

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Why Thousands of Physicians and Dentists Recommend

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Won't upset your stomach!

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Anacin not only gives stronger, faster, but also *safer* relief from pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia and normal periodic pains. Anacin Tablets won't upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit forming ingredients.

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You can depend on

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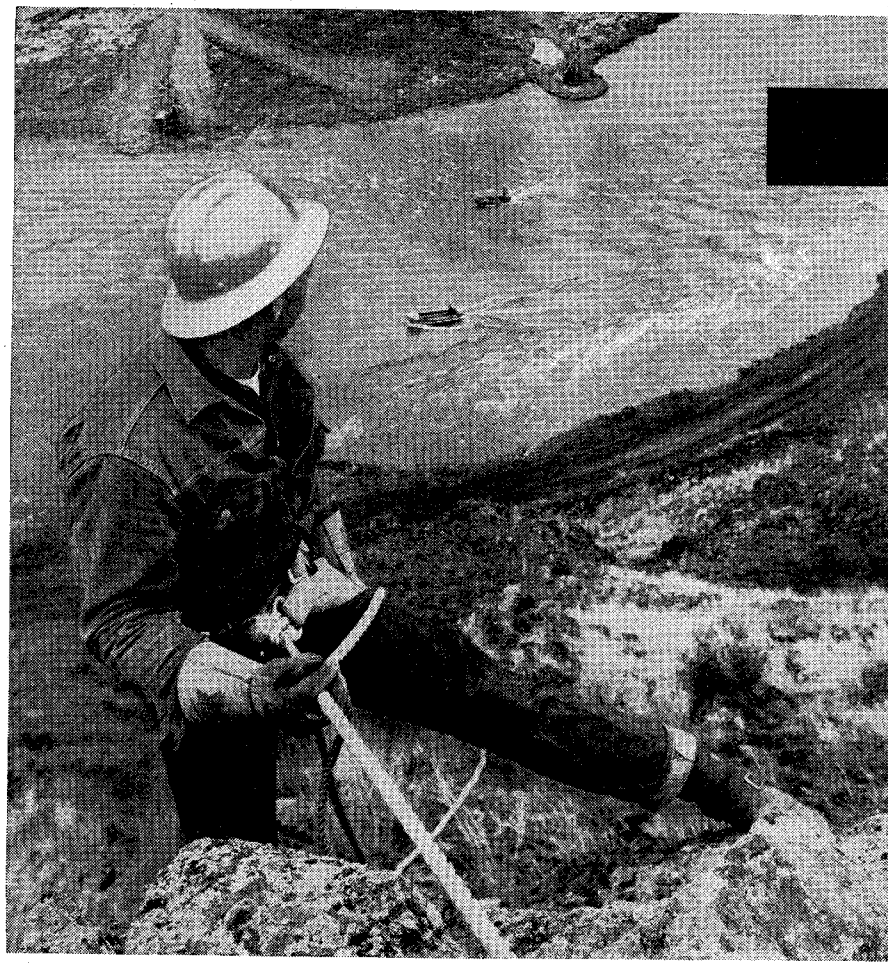

Electric companies to double the supply of electricity by 1965

When you buy another appliance, or your family increases, you need more electricity. And it's always ready and waiting at the end of the wire. That's because America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies can plan and build ahead for your future needs. They don't have to wait for an act of Congress or for tax money from the Treasury. Right now, these companies are building dams and power plants and such at the rate of more than $2 billion a year with money from millions of investors. This is one of the important reasons why you get the best and the most electric service from companies like the ones bringing you this message — ***America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies****.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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He's saving taxpayers $465 million

One of the many places where independent electric companies are saving you tax money is Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border. In the photograph at left, an engineer scales the walls of this canyon surveying for a power dam to be built by the local electric company.

Three dams along the wild Snake River in Hell's Canyon will treble the electricity in the local company's service area. These dams will also save you and other taxpayers $465 million. That's how much this project would have cost the public if the government built it.

How much tax is he saving you?

Here's about how much the people of each state save in taxes because the local independent electric company, instead of the government, is building the Hell's Canyon power project:

Alabama	$ 4,300,000
Arizona	1,900,000
Arkansas	2,200,000
California	42,900,000
Colorado	4,700,000
Connecticut	8,800,000
Delaware	2,300,000
Florida	6,900,000
Georgia	6,100,000
Idaho	1,200,000
Illinois	35,600,000
Indiana	11,900,000
Iowa	5,600,000
Kansas	4,500,000
Kentucky	4,700,000
Louisiana	5,100,000
Maine	1,800,000
Maryland	9,100,000
Massachusetts	15,000,000
Michigan	26,900,000
Minnesota	7,800,000
Mississippi	2,200,000
Missouri	11,600,000
Montana	1,500,000
Nebraska	3,400,000
Nevada	700,000
New Hampshire	$ 1,300,000
New Jersey	16,900,000
New Mexico	1,400,000
New York	68,700,000
North Carolina	6,400,000
North Dakota	1,000,000
Ohio	29,700,000
Oklahoma	4,600,000
Oregon	4,400,000
Pennsylvania	35,000,000
Rhode Island	2,400,000
South Carolina	3,000,000
South Dakota	1,100,000
Tennessee	5,400,000
Texas	18,900,000
Utah	1,600,000
Vermont	700,000
Virginia	6,900,000
Washington	7,300,000
West Virginia	3,300,000
Wisconsin	9,500,000
Wyoming	700,000
District of Columbia and Possessions	6,600,000
TOTAL	$465,500,000

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Tan Safely... beautifully!

...wonderful new Squibb product, *Sun 'n' Surf*. Comes as lotion, cream or handy spray, actually FILTERS OUT dangerous burning rays, helps you to a gorgeous golden tan. Non-greasy and will not stain.

Sun 'n' Surf*

The answer to the burning question!*

* TRADEMARK

SQUIBB *quality...*
the priceless ingredient

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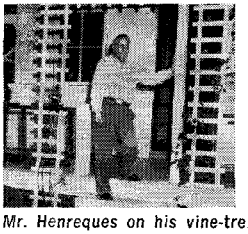
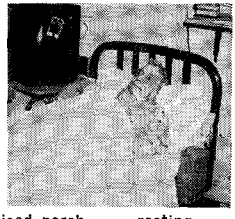
Dear Reader:

We receive all kinds of letters, but one recently gave our day a special kind of glow. The writer was 74-year-old retired engineer Edward J. Henreques *(below)*, a tuberculosis patient in King's Daughters Hospital, Meridian, Mississippi. He had learned Braille, his letter said, in order to share his reading pleasure with a blind friend, and had transcribed several Coronet articles into Braille. Had he, perhaps, exceeded his right in doing this without our permission? We assured him we were delighted. And we learned a little more about the redoubtable Mr. Henreques. He is on a strict regimen calling for 16 hours' bed rest in every 24. To while away time, he busies himself with woodcarving, water-colors and leather-craft. "Several years ago," he writes, "a visitor, Mrs. Walter H. Hughley, told me about her husband, who is a blind cabinetmaker. Since woodwork was my hobby, we hit it off fine. I wrote him a few times but his wife had to read the letters to him. He said if I were half a man, I would use Braille. So I said, 'Let's go!'—and in a few months I was writing Braille." Mr. Henreques found many Coronet articles he knew would interest his new friend, so he started transcribing them and now other blind friends read them, too. "I so enjoy working with the blind," he writes. "I can't understand why more people with time on their hands don't do it." And he adds, "I have stayed young by continually learning something new every year." We're proud and honored to count Mr. Henreques among our very special readers.

The Editors

Mr. Henreques on his vine-trellised porch . . . resting . . . and busy transcribing Braille.

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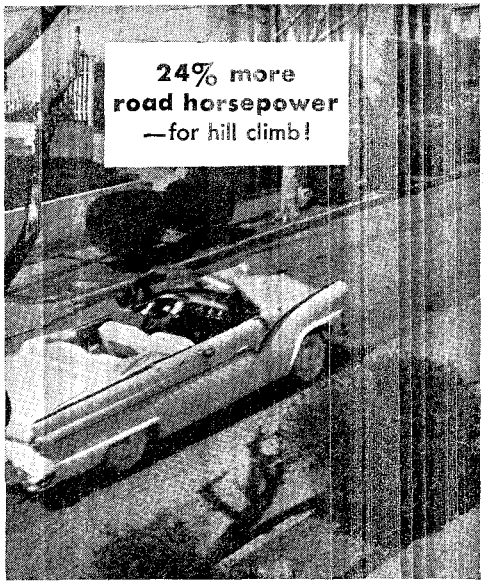
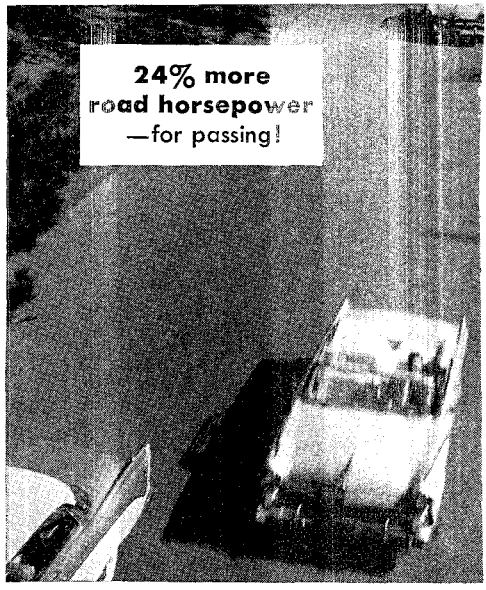




In cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a plug change—

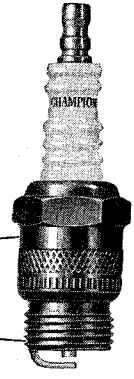
New Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Tests with major makes of cars prove it! Independent engineers took cars whose plugs had run 10,000 miles or so and tested them for power—first with their regular plugs, then with Champions with the new Powerfire electrodes.

Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!

Some cars had remarkable gains. For example, a 1954 V-8 got an increase of 53%! Some had smaller gains, like the 1955 V-8 with only 7%. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

There just never has been a spark plug to match these new Champions with their Powerfire electrodes! Replace your old plugs with new 5-rib Champions today—and you'll feel the difference *at once!*



CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

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Painting.....BOB HILBERT

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The Golden Touch of a

Muscle Man

Big Business

A MAJOR REVOLUTION is shaking Hollywood. Actors formerly content to leave money matters to business managers are setting up their own producing units, to combat high taxes and satisfy old yearnings.

One star whose production batting average boasts few errors and a score of smash hits *(Marty, Vera Cruz, Apache)* is Burt Lancaster. His partnership with former agent Harold Hecht and James Hill has become the largest independent outfit in Hollywood, plans to invest $31,000,000 in 14 pictures over the next three years. The first, *Trapeze* (United Artists), spotlights former WPA-acrobat Lancaster soaring through the CinemaScope-Technicolor air with Gina Lollobrigida and Tony Curtis. This suspenseful circus story is one of 1956's most exciting movies.

Lancaster winds up a 1946 contract with Hal Wallis this year, then intends to concentrate on production for Hecht & Lancaster. His first directorial effort, *The Kentuckian,* made money despite poor reviews ("directing and acting in a picture, you can't watch everything"). He plans to try again—"to insure a livelihood when the jowls appear."

This sandy-haired six-footer remembers vividly his shoe-shining, paper-peddling New York boyhood and his depression jobs. Success struck unexpectedly. After staging army shows abroad during World War II, he was spotted in a hotel elevator, signed for a Broadway play. Three weeks after opening, Lancaster had a Hollywood contract, became a star in his first movie *(The Killers).* To break his Hollywood type-cast as a tough guy, he paid Wallis $50,000 to play an introvert in *All My Sons* at another studio, repeated off-beat roles in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *The Rose Tattoo.*

Off-screen, Lancaster, at 42, trades swash and buckle for glasses ("I'm nearsighted") and books, talks studiously but with a trace of tough East Harlemese. "I've never thrown a Hollywood party," he brags, and guards his five children against photographers. Daily gym workouts keep his weight at 175 pounds. Partner Hecht says: "He's a hyperthyroid. He never tires and he can't stop working." Lancaster doesn't deny it: "I guess I do everything too hard."

(Additional Movie News on page 10)

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MOBY DICK *(Warners)*, the white whale, crashes through the choppy seas, a symbol of Nature's indestructible forces. In Herman Melville's classic story, the whale's pursuer, Captain Ahab *(Gregory Peck)* represents human will; his unrelenting chase becomes a fanatic dedication. Peck, Richard Basehart and Leo Genn deliver strongly in this almost-Biblical allegory of man against the universe. Director John Huston uses a muted color process to point up his power-charged whaling sequences and fascinating sketchbook of whaling folk.

THE KING AND I *(20th Century-Fox)* focuses on another man's search—the King of Siam's quest for enlightenment for his people. This lavish production of the long-run Broadway hit is a feast for eye and ear. Its main courses: enchanting Rodgers and Hammerstein songs, a delightful Jerome Robbins ballet, exciting backgrounds, a dynamic debut by Yul Brynner *(below)* as the King and a radiant portrayal by Deborah Kerr as Anna, royal governess. —MARK NICHOLS

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YOU

Fresh facets of human behavior including dreams in technicolor and nagging wives of alcoholics

DREAMS—HIS & HERS: Men and women have their differences, even in dreams. According to studies made by University of Wisconsin psychologists, a woman's dreams show more fear, anxiety and dread than those of a man. And women, the studies revealed, have nightmares twice as often as men. A study of 10,000 dreams made by Dr. Calvin S. Hall of Western Reserve University found that when men have enemies in dreams they are usually other men, while women are their friends. Women, in their dreams, fight with both sexes and usually with members of their family. They have one advantage though. They dream in color, while men have to be content with prosaic black and white.

REVEALING READING: The way you read this paragraph can give experts a clue to your personality. If you read each word carefully and stop to look again, you tend to be a perfectionist or a scientific person. If your eye movements are irregular and you read too fast with little comprehension, you may be high-strung, under pressure, or neurotic. The well-adjusted person reads comprehensively, at a good rate of speed, reports Mrs. Hilda Widener Yoder, director of the Reading Clinic, Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, New York City.

NEUROTICS ANONYMOUS: When an insecure woman marries a man to lean on and finds he has feet of clay, you have a marital situation likely to result in alcoholism, reports Dr. Samuel Futterman of the University of Southern California. Bitter and resentful because she feels her husband has failed her, the wife nags him about his faults and his inability to reach the unreasonably high standards she sets. To escape, he turns increasingly to drink. But once the husband is

(*Continued on page 14*)

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BART LYTTON, *president*

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cured and the wife is deprived of her emotional punching bag, all of her neuroses, may burst into the open.

SPENDING SPREES: If you are one of the many who can't hold on to money, you might check your psyche instead of your budget. For, says Dr. Ernest Dichter, head of the Institute for Motivational Research, Inc., people often buy emotionally rather than logically. A woman feels depressed, and her husband gets a bill for a new hat. Wildly optimistic over surviving a business crisis, a man squanders his savings on a new car. Others splurge because they are lonely, feel unloved, or just want to be important. But whatever the reason, if you buy in an emotional state, you may get an acute case of pocketbook hangover along with your purchase.

MOTHER'S VACCINE: The healthful benefits babies get from breast feeding may be the result of a built-in "vaccine-producing" mechanism in the mother's breast. As Dr. Berry Campbell of the University of Minnesota School of Medicine describes it, the baby apparently can infect the mother's milk-producing glands with any disease germ or virus he may have. If the mother has not previously had the particular disease, her glands immediately begin producing antibodies which pass to the baby in the milk and help fight the germs in his body.

BACHELOR'S ALIBI: If a person has a good reason for not marrying, such as the fact that his career is hazardous, he has to travel a lot or he feels that marriage will conflict with his goal in life, he may be better off psychologically by staying single, says Dr. Abe Pinsky of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis. On the other hand, Dr. Pinsky says, a person's attitude toward marriage can be an emotionally unhealthy one if he stays single because of too much self-love, is afraid marriage will reveal his faults, has an unreasonable dream of an ideal mate, or is afraid of being turned down.

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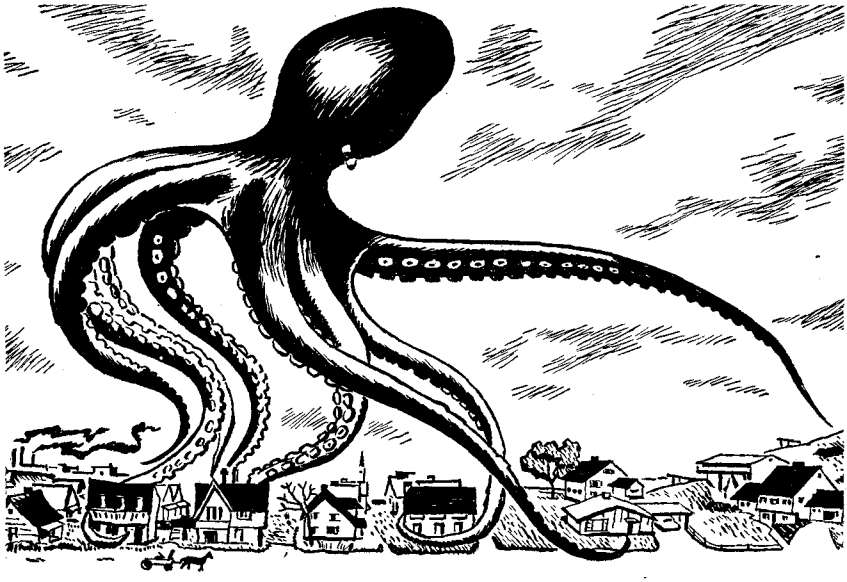

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BY LOIS CRISTY

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This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

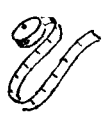
The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11"x9"x6" and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.



Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

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Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4″ off abdomen and 3″ off hips; the other 2½″ from abdomen and 3″ from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2″; Hips 3″; Upper Abdomen 1″; Upper Thigh 2″; Knee 1½″; Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle —and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old-timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-8: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 1210 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1010 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

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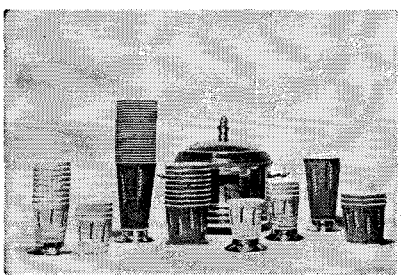
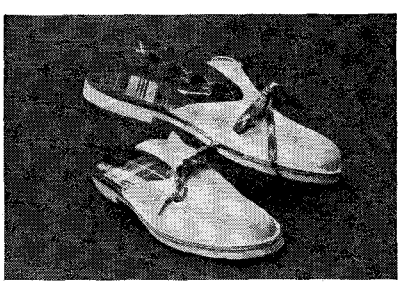
Products on Parade

Summertime is picnic time. These new products are available by mail to add to your comfort and fun at the beach or in the back yard.



COLORFUL Dixie cups are specially treated to hold alcoholic beverages. 45 cups are packaged in 3 sizes: 10, 7, and 3½ fl. oz. Set also contains 12 rose-colored plastic holders to fit on bottom of larger and smaller cups. $2.15 pp. Party Bazaar, Dept. C, 5th Ave. at 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.



PIXIE SCUFF has colorful lace strap which holds shoe snugly on foot. Flexible and lightweight for summer. Foam crepe sole with plaid lining. White, smoke, tan, pastel blue, pink, black or red leather. Women's sizes 3½ to 13, AAAAA to C. $4.45 pp. Moccasin-Craft, 117 Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.

FIBERGLAS insulated picnic bag keeps food or drinks at original temperature for hours. Thermo-Keep is leakproof, odorless and washable. Zipper closure. 16"x10"x6" in red, brown, black, blue, green, $3.98; red, blue and green plaids, $4.98, pp. Nappe Smith, Southard Ave., Farmingdale, N. J.

(*Continued on page 20*)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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FEEL CAREFREE ON THE HOTTEST DAYS (EVEN AT "PROBLEM TIMES")

Hot weather's bad enough. But when you have to wear a clinging external pad, a twisting belt, you feel three times as hot! Bring your boiling point down to normal by changing to Tampax. Internal sanitary protection is so comfortable, so unobtrusive, that you aren't even aware you're wearing it. You're free from embarrassing odor, free from chafing—and you perspire far less. How long *can* you go on deliberately making yourself uncomfortable when Tampax is so sure, so secure, so available?

Perhaps the only thing that's holding you back is a nagging doubt or two. Then know that literally millions of women have used billions of Tampax—that it was invented by a doctor for the welfare of all women, married or unmarried, active or not. It's convenient to carry—easy to dispose of.

Don't go through another hot Summer feeling even hotter. Get Tampax now and enjoy every normal activity—even swimming. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at all drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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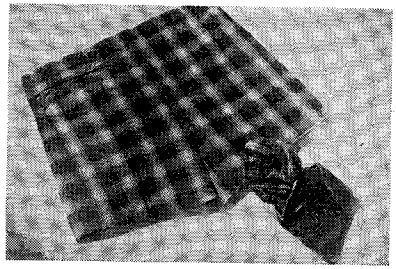
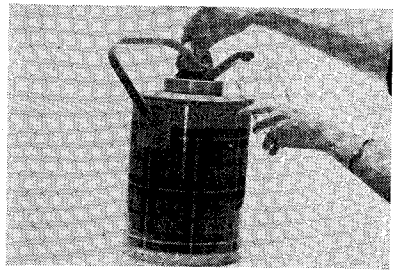
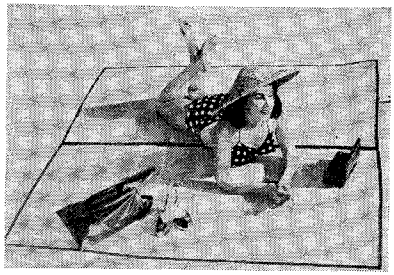
Products on Parade



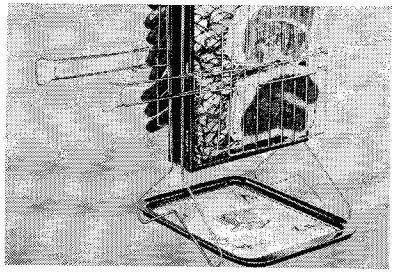
BATHING TRUNKS of nylon have their own waterproof carrying case which converts to a pocket when trunks are worn. Damp or dry, these Van Heusen boxer shorts, in a variety of solids and plaids, fold easily into pouch. Sizes 30-40. $5.35 pp. Brook's Mens Shop, Dept. VH, 1545 Bway., N. Y. 36, N. Y.



SKOTCH O'MATIC dispenses liquid through spout at top of jug. Simply hold cup under spigot and squeeze red rubber bulb. Metal case is insulated. Ideal for picnics. Red, yellow and black Skotch plaid. The ½ gal. size is $8.45; 1 gal., $9.45, pp. Lowy's 260-C 116th St., Rockaway Pk. N. Y.



SPREAD A PICNIC or simply relax in the sun on this woven rice fiber mat. Water repellent and dust resistant. Mat stays cool under hot sun. Edges are finished in color-fast contrasting binding. Rolls up for carrying. 72″x 72″. $2.98 pp. House of Schiller, Dept. 297, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.



PORTABLE charcoal grill has 3 sides for cooking. Heat coffee, etc., on top while broiling on sides. Charcoal is inserted vertically into center of grill. Two steel racks hang on rods flanking coals. Grease drips onto tray. Weighs 5 lbs. 17″x11″x3″. $5.95 pp. Breck's, 311 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

(*Continued on page 22*)

A new School and College Directory: As an additional service to our readers, Coronet presents a new listing of educational opportunities on pages 158 and 159.

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Now!

Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

1. *Antiseptic* **(Protective, germicidal)**
Safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. *Deodorant* **(Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. *Convenient* **(So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. Greaseless... keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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FREE *informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-67
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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

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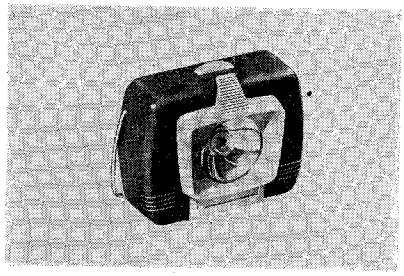
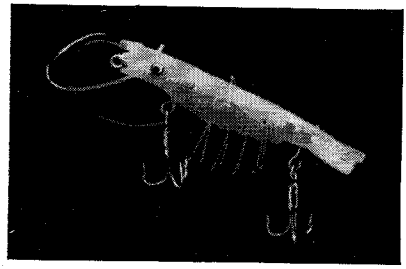
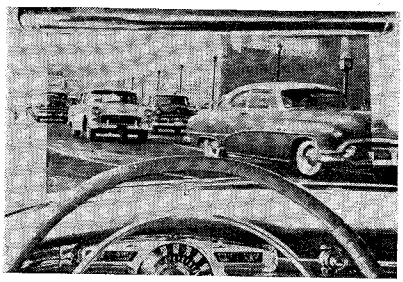
Products on Parade



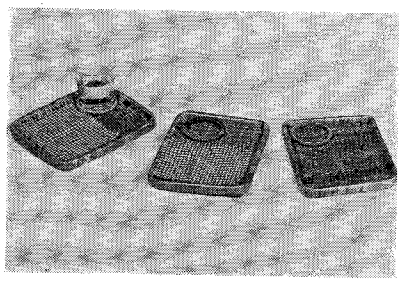
MAGNETIZED flashlight can adhere to car, tackle box or picnic jug. Has swivel-head light which rotates 180 degrees. Handle is recessed for carrying or hanging. Plastic case. Uses standard batteries. $2.25 pp. Paramount Auto Supply Inc., 2429 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois.



LURE a fish to your line with a plastic shrimp that "breathes." Special pellets, inserted in body, produce bubbles when shrimp is used. For fresh and salt water fishing. Amber, red, silver or green. Supply of pellets included. $1.25 pp. Manning's Shrimp Lure Co., Dept. C, P.O. Box 933, New Orleans, La.



SHIELD protects driver's eyes from glare of sun yet does not interfere with over-all road view. Metal case is installed at top of windshield molding. Amber tinted acetate screen rolls down as needed. Suitable for either cars or trucks. $4.95 pp. Solrol Mfg. Co., Dept. HH, 731 W. Court Pl., Chicago 6, Ill.



TIDBITS and beverages can be held in one hand on these woven willow snack trays. Ring prevents tumbler from slipping. Red check cotton doily protects tray surface, gives festive look. Use on picnic or at home. 7½"x7½". Set of 4, $5.35 pp. Hathore House, Dept. JC, 631 2nd Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper, on page 155, for listings of additional mail order products and services which may be of further interest and value to you.

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These shoes belong to Marisa Borragine

They tell the story of her life. Eight years old, the eldest of four, she knows only unappeased hunger, cold and deprivation. She lives with her family in Carchitti, a depressed God-forgotten area near Rome. Her parents, once full of high hopes for their children cannot provide even the barest essentials. Unemployment is high and work sporadic for the father. The mother is ill. Bed is the floor where cornhusks are thrown at night. There is no table at which to eat . . . when there is food . . . and shelter may now be denied them for they are to be evicted for non-payment of rent. Marisa never owned a toy . . . she wants to sew, but there is nothing to sew . . . no thread, no needles, scissors or cloth. Poor beyond belief, with no hope in their hearts, they are torn with anguish for their children, who live in deepest misery. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against negative indoctrination. Won't you help a child like Marisa and her weary parents? They can only look to you.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, *treated as an individual,* receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Greece, Western Germany and Korea, and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the *National Information Bureau.* Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

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PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

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In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B., Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

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Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Date.....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

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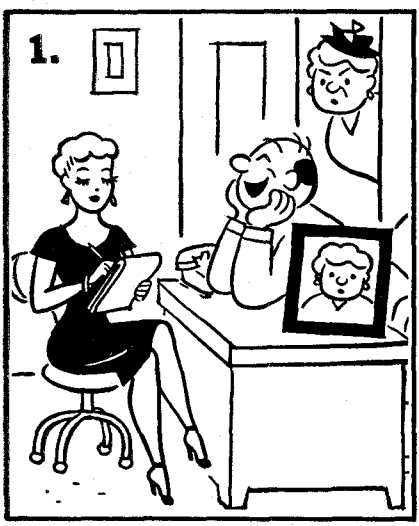
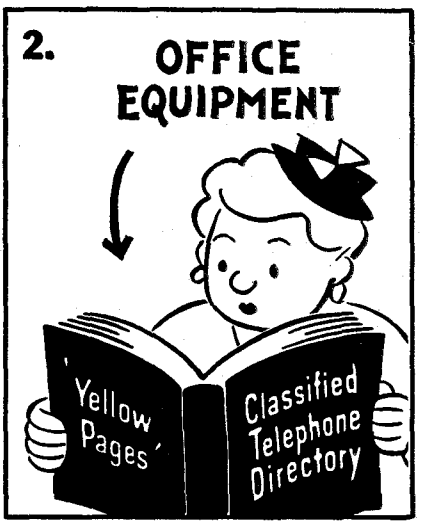
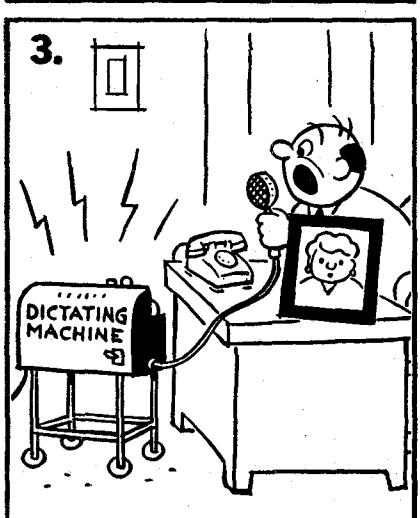
Looking for Something?







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"I Prepared For My Twilight Years"

as told to ROSANNE SMITH

A country doctor tells how he found a life-saving prescription for his future when old age suddenly threatened to rob him of his most precious gift—self-respect

I WONDER HOW MANY other people can point to a date on a calendar and say, "This is the day I became old?" That was three years ago, and the day that I had dreaded for so long I can now remember almost fondly.

It was one of those wet warmish January afternoons that leave a wake of flu and bronchitis. When I arrived at my office I had already put in a grueling eight hours. Now as I attended the last of a half-dozen patients, my nurse Mrs. Hopkins interrupted to say an emergency case had just arrived. In a moment she brought in Ted Farber, a local farmer. Ted's face was tense with pain. He had been in the woods with his chain saw and

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"It was really a simple operation, but that afternoon I could not control the shaking of my hand."

had slipped and jammed a splinter deep into the palm of his right hand.

The hand was badly swollen. But it was really a simple enough operation; the sort I had done hundreds of times before. But that afternoon, however, I could not control the shaking of my hand. Several times my eyes blurred. I found myself sweating profusely and, as a medical man, I could not ignore the palpitations of my heart. Mrs. Hopkins, whose face was generally impassive, watched me with obvious concern.

My mind raced as I tried to think of a plausible excuse for leaving the room for a few moments. Mrs. Hopkins hesitated and then said, "Shall I call . . . ?"

"No," I interrupted curtly. "I'll do this myself. I'll be back in a moment." And I went into the other examining room until I felt rested and in control of myself enough to continue. When I finished, I took an X ray of Ted's hand to make sure all of the splinter was out. Needless to say, I didn't charge Ted for the X ray. Ordinarily I would have had no doubts. I would have removed the splinter quickly and been certain the job was complete.

That night was one of the worst in my life. For some time now I had been fighting against the nagging awareness that my strength and the quickness of my reflexes were not what they had been by submerging myself completely in my work as a doctor in the small country town where I had practiced for 37 years. With my wife dead and my two sons and daughter married and moved away with their families, I had used my work to cover up my lack of outside interests, of friends and hobbies —even the presence of physical failings. Now my ability to work was threatened by the remorseless advance of old age.

For ten days my depression continued as I still tried to deny to myself that anything was wrong. But I was tormented by a sense of mounting terror. Then one evening I stopped in to see Minnie Grauel. At 94, Minnie was still active and perhaps the most beloved woman in town; she reflected her love of life in all she said and did. Now she was recovering from a bout of flu that I had thought for a while might carry her off. Her frail body had reached a state of final economy. She was skin and muscle and bone with arteries like pipe stems. As I looked at her she put me in mind of a gallant sailing ship stripped down to its essentials and ready to battle for the prize of life.

"Well, Minnie," I said, taking her

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hand and looking down at her fine old face, "you had us all worried for a while."

Minnie put her other hand over mine and patted it as though I were the one to be comforted. "I knew you were there, doctor," she said. "I knew you were standing in the door and wouldn't let him through."

I returned home with a deep feeling of shame. I had been behaving as a traitor not only to myself and my profession but to my many patients who, like Minnie Grauel, put their faith and trust in me. The time had come when I must face the fact that my physical powers were on the wane or lose two of the most precious gifts that life had brought me—my self-respect and my integrity as a physician.

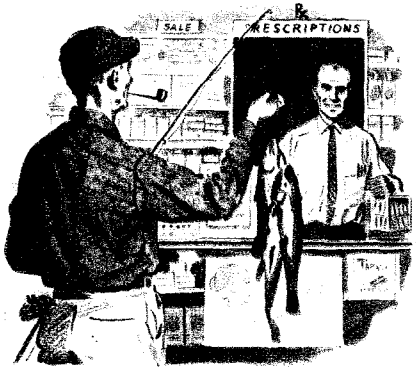
For a week, whenever I could spare time from my work, I thought and planned what I should do. And as my plans became more concrete, I felt the tension within me ebb away. At the same time, a pleasurable, relaxed excitement buoyed me up—the kind of happy anticipation one feels at the prospect of a visit from a good friend whom one has not seen for years.

Then I sat down and made out a list of six definite steps I must take to prepare myself for old age. First I had to change a whole host of psychological attitudes that belonged to a younger person. I had to grow up to my true age. Instead of letting old age just "happen" to me I must fully prepare for it. Only by doing this could I hope to insure that the rest of my life would be relatively happy and productive, rather than filled with bitterness, loneliness, fear and that blind arrogance that so often accompanies people as they reach the twilight years.

And all of this would depend completely on my own attitude and my willingness to readjust my life and my thinking.

A most important part of this inner action, this change of attitude, was to divest myself of any dishonesty. Old age was a reality. There must be no evasion. How often in my own practice had I encountered the jaunty old man, dressed in flashy youthful clothes, cavorting like a young buck in order to deceive himself and fight against the fear of old age simply because he refused to face it. And I had resolved that I must continue to be honest.

When I had got myself squared around psychologically and established in my mind the danger of putting on an act of feeling younger, stronger, taking on more work in order to convince myself and others



Fred refused the fish. "When you're eating alone, anything more than opening a can is just too much trouble."

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that nothing was wrong, I went for a thorough physical check-up.

The doctor congratulated me on my foresight. "Too many men think that living within one's physical limitations is some kind of moral weakness," he said. "Actually it's a decision that requires maturity and strength of character."

We decided that if I cut my work down to 60 per cent, I would have a margin for rest and leisure that would enable me to work well and ably for many more years. The next day I arranged with the state medical society for a young doctor to take over as my assistant, with the understanding that I would gradually turn over my practice to him as the years progressed.

Now I could put the next step in operation. As soon as my assistant arrived, I arranged my schedule so that I had two full hours at midday completely undisturbed. I was able to eat a leisurely meal and have time for rest and reading before I began the afternoon's work. And following the regimen the doctor and I had worked out, I began to take vitamins each day. In the evening I relaxed with a highball before dinner instead of plunging in and eating so fast that I hardly tasted my food. And I made myself stay in bed an hour longer each morning.

WITH THE PROBLEM of my work solved satisfactorily, I proceeded to the next step. Rest and stimulation are the two most important medicines for the elderly. But often one is not fully beneficial without the other. So every other week-end I took off for a jaunt, sometimes with no idea of where I might end up. I would stop and fish, or put up at a country inn or continue on to the city for a good dinner and a concert or a show. I remembered Winston Churchill saying he never felt safe unless he had at least three hobbies, and I took up again my boyhood hobby of painting, stopping on my holidays to put my easel up and paint away sometimes just for an hour or two or, if I felt like it, for the whole afternoon.

Yet with my work cut down, with my new rest and holidays, I still could not shut out the growing specter of loneliness.

I knew hundreds of people, of course. And I was fairly sure that I had their respect and liking. But as a doctor, not as a person. Friendship involves the investment of time, and time was something I had never been able to spare. I had more than enough now. And if I was lonely, I would become even lonelier. Everything I had achieved—my new enjoyment of my leisure, my sense of well-being, vanished. They were all worth nothing if I could not share them. I went through a bad two weeks.

It was in this mood that I walked back to town one day with a fine catch of trout. I stopped in at the drug store to buy a can of tobacco and found Fred Diggs, the druggist, who was a widower like myself, looking like the day was too long to suit him, too. When he admired my catch I offered him two of the plumpest.

Fred shook his head and said, "Thanks, but you better give them to someone who'll really enjoy them.

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"My work has taken on new meaning—and instead of 'spending' my days, I now treasure each one as a lifetime in itself!"

You know how it is. When you're eating alone anything more than opening a can is just too much trouble."

Usually I cleaned the fish and gave them away to a neighbor. Now as I looked at them they seemed the solution to my loneliness. If I was lonely it was something I had brought upon myself; it was a habit and one that I had better set about breaking right now.

"Fred," I said, "neither of us are going to eat alone tonight. You be at my house in an hour and we'll have ourselves a real trout dinner."

Fred gave me a delighted grin. "I'll be there with an apple pie and a quart of ice cream, Doc!"

As soon as I got home, I called two other men I knew, one a confirmed bachelor, the other another widower, and they shared the trout and canned beans and coffee, topped off with Fred's pie and ice cream. Before they left that night, I asked them all back for the following week; I wasn't going to let my new resolve die out after the first spurt. Soon Sunday night dinner at my house became a standing date, and on my week-end jaunts Fred was my welcome companion.

News of my new sociability spread. Within a month I was a member of the Pitch Club and the fortnightly poker session, and I was receiving more invitations than I could accept. Since I was willing to give something of myself as a person, there were plenty of people ready to share my companionship. I acquired a new skill by taking up cooking in earnest, buying new cookbooks and experimenting with dishes I would never have dreamed of ordering in a restaurant before. Fred and I built a barbecue in the back yard and soon I was even proficient at baking over an open fire. Along with Fred and my other older friends, I came to realize that older people have to make a community of interests together. For the real joy of my new skill lay in being able to share it with others.

My final step was a reaping of the harvest I had planted in the other five steps. It is the most difficult to explain. As the healthy young man gets his rewards out of dreams and plans for the future, the older man savors the past. Thus the hours spent alone came to have a new fresh value to me; it was a time of enrichment. For the discoveries of old age lie in the realm of the self and the spirit. I had lived with myself for over 65 years. Now, for the first time, I was learning to see myself for what I was, understand the things I had done; reflect on what had been, and what might have been. I became in a sense "the historian of my own self."

Thinking of my own past has led to another hobby; I have begun to write a history of my family. Once a year I visit each of my children and

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they have become fascinated with the stories I have to tell about their ancestors. And these visits have given me a gauge of how closely I have succeeded in my goal of preparing for my last years. There are no longer those hesitating little speeches about "Am I taking care of myself?" or "Is there anything they can do to help me?" Recently one of my sons paid me the highest compliment when he said to me, "Dad, I only hope I can be half the person you are when I reach your age."

But above all, my new sense of completeness, of being at peace with myself, has increased my ability and value as a doctor. I feel I am bringing more than just physical help and comfort to my patients. I also bring them a sympathy and an insight that I never before possessed.

Looking back over the three years since I first faced up to my problems, I can see clearly how they have transformed what might have been a difficult and sad decline into an adventure that has made my old age one of the happiest, if not the happiest period of my life. When I walk down the street I am not just in a hurry to be somewhere else. People do not just nod or say, "Hello, Doctor." They want to stop and talk; to ask how the fishing is up at Jimmy Devers Creek or if I can supervise the steak cooking at the church supper a week from Tuesday night.

My work and life have taken on a new meaningfulness, a serenity I would never have dreamed possible. Instead of "spending" my days forgotten and unappreciated in the urgency of tomorrow, I savor and treasure each one as a lifetime in itself. Each morning the sun and I rise together for a day's journey that can end only in the simple peace of night.

Uncommon Usage

ETC.: A sign used make others believe you know more than you do.
—Hudson Newsletter

SYNONYM: A word you use when you can't spell the other one.
—Anon

MINOR OPERATION: One performed on somebody else.
—OREN ARNOLD *(The Kiwanis Magazine)*

MONSOON: A typhoon that's going steady with a tornado. —BOB HOPE

FLOOD: A river too big for its bridges. *—Wall Street Journal*

LORGNETTE: A dirty look on a stick. *—Crookes Rx-Ray*

CONES: Ice cream you can walk with. —ADRIAN ANDERSON

PROGRESS: Something that's achieved by man's innate desire to live beyond his means.
—General Features Corp.

MODERN EXECUTIVE: A man who talks golf around the office all morning and business around the golf course all afternoon.
—Irish Digest

MONOPOLIST: A guy who keeps an elbow on each arm of his theater chair. *—Parts Pups*

PESSIMIST: One who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both. *—The Sign*

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The Rejuvenation of Jennie

From the depth of a broken heart she built a monument to her grandchild—to find new hope for thousands stricken by a dread disease

by HELEN ITRIA

I DOUBT THAT ANYONE would call Jennie Lesnick a lady. A lady would hardly own a beer joint in the heart of Los Angeles' Skid Row —and spin lusty yarns in a husky voice thickened with dialect as she tends bar.

Once you met Jennie, you never forgot her. She stands just four-feet-ten, her plump frame packed with energy. Her broad face, framed by independent wisps of gray hair, is etched with lines of hard work. When she erupts into impassioned speech, her small eyes narrow penetratingly as her rough hands jab her points home.

But something has happened to Jennie. She's much quieter now. The spirit is still there but she keeps it chained, unleashing its explosive power only when it will serve her best.

Early in January of 1953, she learned that her four-year-old granddaughter had but a few days to live. Jennie's whole world centered around little Patricia, and she was stunned.

"What is it?" she asked the doctor.

"Cystic fibrosis of the pancreas," he told her.

"Big words I don't get," said Jennie. "What is this?"

"Well, it's a familial disease which affects the lungs and pancreas."

"All right, so do something!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lesnick. There is no cure. It's a comparatively new disease, wasn't diagnosed until 18 years ago. We aren't even completely sure of the cause."

Jennie wasn't listening. She was seeing Patty's eager face, hearing the laughter that would soon be gone. A child without a chance. . . .

On January 28th, Patricia died. "Me," cried Jennie, "why couldn't they take me instead? I'm old already!" She was fiercely inconsolable in her grief.

At the funeral, the rabbi's words filled her irreligious heart with inexplicable rage.

"We're all messengers of God," he said. "God gives and God takes. We do not know what this little girl's purpose was, but she served her time, completed her mission and now is gone."

For two weeks, Jennie spoke to no one but her husband. She sat and stared, hearing only the words "purpose . . . mission . . ." and beating her

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head. "Purpose!" she cried aloud. "What purpose? It's not fair!"

Listlessly, she returned to the beer joint. Out of habit, she ran a mop over the worn floor, then suddenly flung it aside. "What am I working for?" she asked. "What am I living for?"

She glared at the beer cases stacked against the wall; the battered, red leather stools splitting at the seams. And the rabbi's speech came to her with new meaning. Gradually her face softened, then took on new firmness.

"Sure there's a purpose, maybe this is it. Why am I mopping floors in a beer joint when I could be working for something better—for kids maybe not born yet? Other families—they should keep their children, not have their lives cut off like this—"

JENNIE immediately called upon the Moore-White Clinic's Dr. Howard Drake, who had once performed surgery upon her grandchild. How, she wanted to know, could she do something about this disease that afflicts at least one out of every 600 children born and is almost always fatal?

Dr. Drake replied in one word: "Research." That meant a medical foundation, and he warned, "It would take hard work, money, and time to tax the patience."

"Doctor," replied Jennie, "for the rest of my life, just give me orders."

It didn't penetrate that others had tried before her and failed. She would succeed, and a cure would be found.

"This was an act of God," she explained earnestly. "He showed me what I could do. It's as if He said, 'Jennie, I hit you so hard that it hurts, so you'll know you must do something.' "

Besides, didn't she have the background for organization? Had she ever been afraid of anything?

Even as a child in Shchpola, Russia, where she was born, Jennie Kozlenko had been the bold one. When she asked her mother once, after she grew up, "Why didn't I go to school like the others?" she was told, "You were in business before you could speak!"

It was an exaggeration, but true enough. Her cantor father had been advised that making and selling paper bags was good business. In his eagerness to raise money to send his family of ten to America, he assigned his daughters to making the bags.

But when they were done, the gentle father, as a cantor, was reluctant to solicit orders—and the girls were afraid to approach the big, gentile stores because of the Gestapo-like hooligans. All but seven-year-old Jennie, who braved the anti-Jewish cordon and came home with enough money to send two sisters to America.

Jennie followed them to Philadelphia in 1913, and shocked her cultured relatives by getting a job in a dressmaking factory. It pained them to hear "common laborers" on the street call out, "Hi, Jennie!" But Jennie was born defiant.

In 1915, she became one of the country's first union organizers, helping to form the Waist and Dressmakers Group, Local #15. The next

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year she aided in organizing the Air and Sunshine League in Philadelphia, for consumptives.

Jennie's final "sin" was committed in August, 1923, when she married Max Lesnick. Her people objected not to Max, but to his occupation: he drove a laundry truck.

"Well," sighed the Kozlenkos, "at least maybe our willful Jennie will finally settle down, now that she's married."

Instead, Jennie entered the laundry business with Max, and continued to work even after the birth of a son.

The family alternately ranted at her and suffered in silence for three years. Then Jennie and Max decided there was only one alternative: "We're a pain in the neck to the folks, let's take off."

They packed their baby and a few belongings into an old pickup truck and headed for Los Angeles, where they eventually drifted into the beer and wine business in the lowest section of town. . . .

Yes, Jennie had once been an organizer, and she could do it again. But how do you start a medical foundation? Where do you begin?

She turned to her family in Philadelphia, who "talked nice to her." But she knew they considered this just another of her many outrageous schemes. How could she blame them? For 30 years she had been the black sheep. So now she was overnight a saint?

"This is one time I can't be cocky," she told Max gravely. "This I gotta do according to proper, businesslike procedure."

With another woman to back her up if her English failed her, she called upon the business manager of the Moore-White Clinic — Mrs. Katherine Marshall—for advice. A gentle woman herself, Mrs. Marshall saw not a rough, amusing character from the east side, but only a wom-

Jennie and Max operate "Patty's," the cafeteria-bar named after their grandchild. But spare minutes and money they devote to the foundation that Patty inspired.

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an of great sincerity and courage.

"This woman is going to be a success, and I'm going to work with her," Mrs. Marshall said later. Dr. J. W. St. Geme, Patricia Lesnick's pediatrician during her short life, said, "Count me in."

Overwhelmed at having such fine people behind her, Jennie sailed into feverish activity. She gave a luncheon and dinner, providing the food and matching donations from her own purse. She appeared on the CBS-TV show, "There's One In Every Family," and won $135 for answering such questions as, "How much is two bits?"

"Me in the beer business, I shouldn't know that?" she snorted, then beamed. "For the foundation, I'll take it!"

And always, there were meetings —with Mrs. Marshall, Dr. St. Geme and, eventually, lawyers and other people who wanted to help. The legal terminology floated over Jennie's head, but one tremendous fact was clear: a foundation was being born.

IN 1954, the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation was a reality. Los Angeles Childrens Hospital, already treating almost 200 cystic fibrosis patients, was appointed its research center for Southern California.

The Los Angeles metropolitan newspapers carried stories on the new research foundation and the strange disease itself. Letters poured in from bereaved parents, wanting to join in the fight. And in Philadelphia, a dazed group readied itself for action. Jennie's family, still marveling, had capitulated.

Some would consider the battle won at that point, but not Jennie. Sitting in on meetings, listening to plans taking shape, she nodded approval. But she was frustrated.

"Planning, papers!" she fumed. "Is that money? Can you buy research with that? We got to get going!" It was not in her to understand that first steps are bound to be awkward ones.

The foundation was still in an embryo stage, waiting for mistakes to teach its "parents" how to shape it and guide it in the right direction.

A board of directors was formed—all people with a unity of purpose: to effect a national coordination of research and exchange of information on cystic fibrosis between scattered doctors and clinics and, eventually, to provide aid to families with afflicted children.

The Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, shortened with usage to C-F, sent letters to 5,000 pediatricians all over the country, and printed leaflets so the public might be educated. A film was made, revealing the research work being done at Childrens Hospital. The showing of this film on television precipitated further interest, and before long money started coming in.

Nine Cystic Fibrosis Foundation chapters were formed in California. Individual service clubs and sororities, such as Beta Sigma Phi, sent in contributions and adopted C-F as one of their projects.

As news of this strange disease, unnoticed for so many generations and wrongly diagnosed as pneumonia, whooping cough or bronchitis, generated national interest

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and concern, chapters sprang up in 25 states and over $100,000 was collected.

Letters coming in daily, offering thanks or requesting information, tell vividly what Jennie has done for thousands of parents who have lived so long without hope. As Dr. St. Geme, who has worked tirelessly from the beginning, puts it: "Jennie has given them a *chance* to hope."

And what of Jennie? Does she still operate her beer joint and joke with the customers, content to bask in a well-earned feeling of self-satisfaction? Not Jennie.

The beer parlor was the first casualty. "How would it look for me to be running such a place now?" she asked. "One look at the characters, one sniff of stale beer and before you know it the Foundation will lose all stature because of me."

She and Max gave it up and are settled in a comfortable apartment behind the attractive cafeteria which they also own, and which they have dedicated to their granddaughter—"Patty's Cafe."

Jennie is bustling about organizing groups and clubs into chapters, giving speeches. And she is attending school at night to learn how to write properly and carry her share of the Foundation's correspondence.

"Those little angels will be helped," she vows. "Maybe I won't live to see a cure, but it's started now, this mission. And God will see it through."

Beyond a doubt, this was Patricia Lesnick's legacy. In dying, she showed her grandmother how to live.

A Matter of Opinion

A SPRY GENTLEMAN OF 92 traveled by air when he went to visit his widely scattered children. On one trip his son met him at the airport and, surprised to see the old man carrying a cane, exclaimed: "Dad, I didn't know you needed a cane now."

"I don't," he said with a sly wink, "but I get more attention from the hostess this way!"

—Helen Kalney

A PRIEST SEEKING TO ILLUSTRATE the point that a wise providence knows who grows best in the sunlight and who needs the protection of shade, explained: "You know that you plant roses in the sun, but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook."

A woman sought him out following the service and gushed: "Father you don't know how much your sermon helped me."

The good Father's heart glowed, until the woman added: "I never did realize before just what was the matter with my fuchsias."

—Catholic Digest

A RUSSIAN U. N. DELEGATE was shown a copy of a Sears Roebuck catalogue. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that in America all these things are available to the masses?"

"Available, heck," exclaimed an American, "in America we have to *beg* people to buy them."

—Forest Echoes

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SURGERY ON A BAT RAY

by Dr. H. George Blasdel

As told to Lewis W. Brown

Working 25 feet underwater, the doctor performed a delicate operation that restored sight to a giant creature of the deep

Author operating on blind bat

A corneal transplant is a difficult, nerve-wracking operation even under the most ideal conditions. Performed 25 feet underwater, it seemed a virtual impossibility.

Yet, last April, I attempted this strange surgical adventure in the huge tank of the aquarium at Marineland in Palos Verdes, California. My patient was a giant bat ray, blinded by futile charges against the aquarium's glass walls.

When I accepted the invitation to operate on Charlie, the bat ray, two questions were uppermost in my mind: Could this delicate operation be performed successfully under such non-sterile conditions as existed at the bottom of a marine tank? And if so, why? The answers, as it turned out, proved little short of amazing.

The bat ray is only on the middle rung of the fish life evolutionary ladder, yet its eye structure is quite similar to that of the mammalians.

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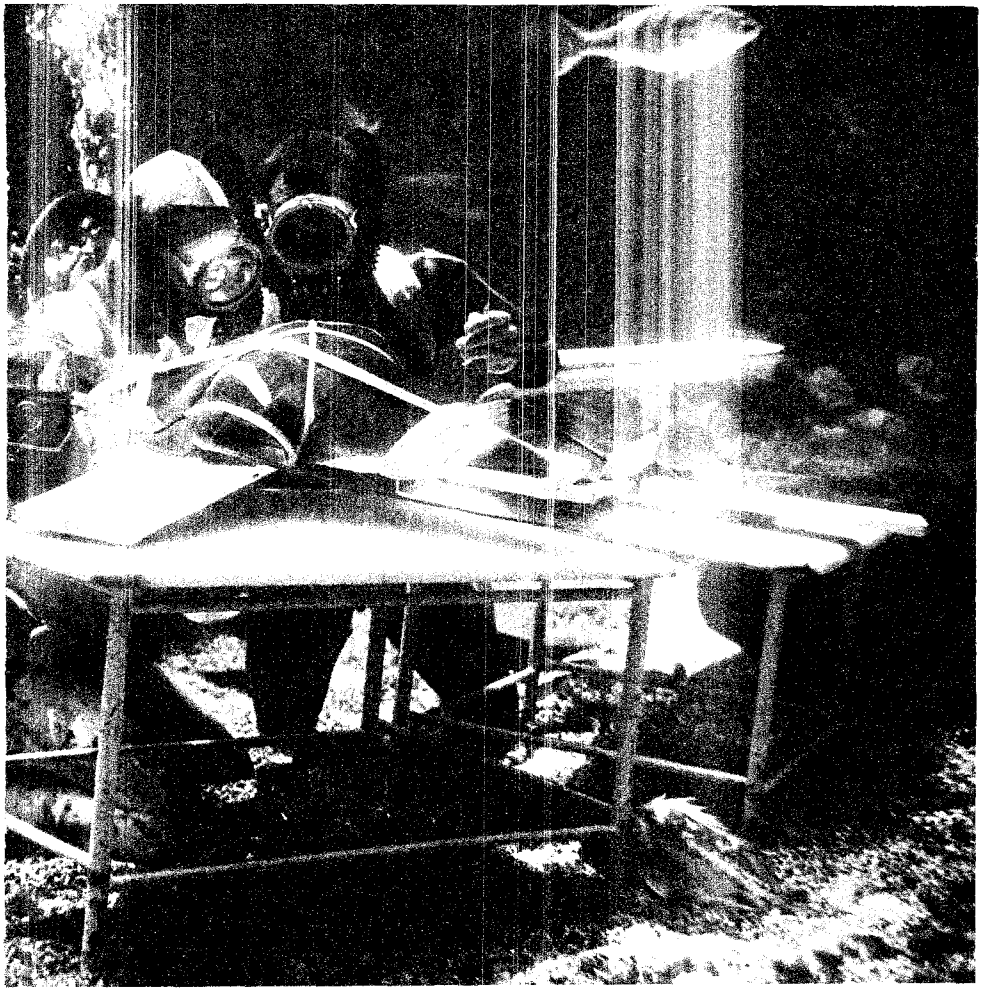

ray, which was strapped down and anesthetized. Ten days later, ray was swimming.

As Attending Eye Surgeon at the Los Angeles General Hospital, Osteopathic Unit, I had performed several transplants on humans—as well as two on dogs—and I felt that this operation offered a rare chance to expand my knowledge.

On my first visit to the aquarium I found Charlie swimming about in a helpless condition. Attendants reported that he had tangled twice with vicious moray eels and they were afraid that the blinded ray would be torn to pieces.

Our first problem was to secure healthy corneal tissue from another bat ray for the transplant. To this end we asked fishing boats in the

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area to make every effort to bring us an injured bat ray.

Divers Pat Patterson and Ted Davis were assigned as my assistants and we began to perfect a submarine operative technique. The obvious problem of air supply was solved readily with air lungs of the type used by skin divers. Not the least of our worries were the other fish, most of them carnivorous.

The problem of adequate vision was a difficult one. The tissue to be transplanted was three-fourths of a millimeter thick and six-and-one-half millimeters across, circular in shape. Such small pieces of tissue are hard to see and handle even in the brilliant light of an operating room. Underwater, with poor light, refraction and magnification adding to the problem, it seemed insurmountable.

SPECIAL GLASSES worn under the face plate of my skin-diver's mask worked fine until I was placed under any emotional tension. Then they fogged up badly, blinding me. The same glasses mounted outside the face plate were useless because of light refraction.

Finally we constructed a special surgical loupe with the required correction and fused it on the inside of the face plate in such a manner that it became part of the plate itself. I found that by exercising great care, I could make this work.

Buoyancy also gave us some worries but we made special belts of lead weights to wear on our wrists and ankles and about our waists. These gave us the required control over our body movements in the water.

We acquired some old operating tables and instrument cases and installed them in the tank, along with a padded pallet on which Charlie could be strapped.

With Patterson, a former Army surgical assistant, I worked out sign language to serve during surgery. A chemist, assigned to work out a proper anesthetic dose, prescribed 2 cubic centimeters of Pentothal Sodium, approximately one-fifth of a human dose. Then came word that an injured ray, near death, had been caught and was on his way to us.

At 11 A.M., with bright sunlight streaming into the aquarium and lighting its depths, my assistants and I descended into the pool, the injured ray held captive in a net. Quickly, I gave him a massive injection which killed him mercifully.

Charlie had been captured in the meantime and strapped to his special pallet. A hypodermic injection of anesthetic behind the eye rendered him insensible.

It should be observed that the ray has one odd characteristic. Its eyes, when touched, retract automatically until they are inaccessible. The injection of anesthetic behind the eye itself had two satisfactory effects. It caused the eye to protrude or "bug out" and it rendered it totally insensitive so that it remained in position.

The problem now was to transplant a graft of healthy corneal tissue to the undamaged portion of Charlie's left eye. The transplanted portion was about the diameter of the eraser on a pencil and about the thickness of three or four sheets of writing paper.

The basic tool was a Greashauber

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"My great fear was of dropping the minute corneal tissue . . . or having the carnivorous fish swoop down and snatch it."

suture needle, a tiny, curved instrument about three-eighths of an inch long and very slender and fragile. And we used 6-0 black sutures about the thickness of a human hair. The smallness of the instruments was a severe handicap under the conditions.

My greatest fear was that I would drop the tiny scrap of corneal tissue somewhere between its removal from the eye of the dead ray and its placement in Charlie's eye. Adding to this was the knowledge that the carnivorous occupants of the tank might swoop down and snatch this dainty tidbit out of my hands.

Therefore I took extreme care. I cut a trifle deeper with the trephine on one side and when the cornea was perforated I placed a suture through the graft at the presenting edge. Holding carefully to this tiny thread, I completed the incision with special corneal scissors and removed the transplant. Then I transported it to Charlie's eye by holding firmly to the suture.

The operation itself was purely routine and required eight stitches in all.

On the surface, I could hear Dr. J. Willoughby Howe, president of the American College of Osteopathic Surgeons, narrating the entire procedure.

Then, the operation completed, we freed Charlie, and my assistants and I surfaced. Because of the tension, we had used all but the last ounce or so of our two-hour oxygen supply although we had been submerged for barely an hour.

There was doubt for a while whether Charlie would regain consciousness. He floated dormant and in a stupor for several hours. Finally, the ray was swimming about in a normal manner. We knew, at least, that he would live.

It scarcely seemed possible, yet the following day Charlie was swimming in a way which showed plainly that he could see as well as ever. On the seventh day the sutures began to slough and by the tenth day they had all passed out of the ray's eye. The cornea was bright, clear and healthy, and Charlie obviously was making maximum use of his restored vision.

I confess I felt the same degree of elation I always do when similar surgery restores sight to a damaged human eye. But I was puzzled by the success of the operation.

It had been impossible to apply any of the established sterile techniques. I had operated on an unsterile patient in a literal sea of bacteria. No antibiotics had been used. Yet there was no sign of post-operative infection.

Despite the almost total lack of post-operative care, recovery time had been spectacularly less than in

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human cases I had observed. Charlie was, of course, a low form of life; yet I knew that had such surgery been performed on a human under similar conditions he most certainly would have died, probably on the operating table. How could this possibly be?

Every fisherman has, from time to time, caught fish with rusted hooks embedded in their jaws. Such a foreign body lodged in human tissue certainly would set up a fatal infection if it were not removed. Yet these fish, living in their unsterile atmosphere, seem to suffer no ill effects.

The most obvious answer is that the normal diet of a fish builds up a nutritional barrier against infection more powerful and effective than any antibiotic yet developed. Thus fish are able to survive frightful injury and fend off possible infection without antiseptic or medicinal aid.

Logically, then, should we not look to the sea for the answer to some of our most puzzling and pressing medical problems? The sea is widely held to be the original source of life; yet we virtually ignore it and its vast population in medical research.

The sea and salt air have certain recognized therapeutic qualities. For example, sea air is of positive benefit to many sinus sufferers. The sewage of the world finds its way to the sea, yet the water remains largely uncontaminated. If this vast accumulated filth were dumped anywhere else, widespread pollution certainly would result.

My experience with Charlie—the success of the operation and his remarkably rapid recovery—seems to indicate that the creatures of the sea draw from their environment and from their diet certain beneficial elements which are denied to mammalian life. If this marvelous ability to throw off infection and survive the most grievous wounds *can* be traced to nutrition . . . and if this can be translated into terms applicable to humankind ... some amazing medical miracles surely will result.

Sales Psychology

WHENEVER AN ANIMAL is shipped on the Seaboard and Western Airlines, instead of the usual "Handle with Care" sign, the cage bears a special tag reading: "Handle with Love."

A CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN, furniture dealer's darkened windows get more attention at night than the brilliantly lighted ones of his neighbors. His have a button that the pedestrian can push. One push throws on the lights in the entire front part of the store. His psychology attracts more lookers than if the lights were burning steadily.

A DEPARTMENT STORE in the Midwest hit upon a simple plan that has speeded up deliveries on the orders they send into their suppliers by mail. A rubber stamp, "This is an order!" on the envelope insures immediate attention and eliminates delays that so often happen in busy offices.

—Nassau

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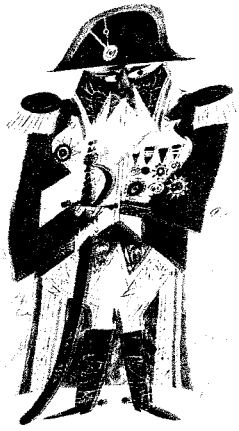

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

by GERARD MOSLER

REVIEWING his troops, Napoleon noticed a one-armed soldier with no decorations. "You lost your arm and did not get a medal?" the Emperor asked.

"No, sire."

Napoleon pinned a medal from his own coat on the veteran. Impulsively, the soldier asked what he would have gotten if he had lost both arms. Napoleon replied: "A commission!"

At this the soldier drew his sword and cut off his other arm with one mighty stroke.

1. *Was this impulsive act the work of an ambitious soldier, a madman, or a courageous militarist?*

A SOLDIER called his home-town minister long distance: "I intend to be home two weeks from Friday and should like to get married the following Monday."

"Let's see," the reverend answered. "Monday I have another wedding booked; Tuesday, a christening; a funeral is scheduled for Wednesday; Thursday I celebrate my silver anniversary. Friday will be the earliest day I can marry you."

"Well . . . then it has to be Friday," the soldier concluded, hung up and began wondering . . .

2. *Are you skeptical, too?*

IN CAIRO, there is an apple tree famous for its age and size. Its trunk—but maybe you are good at mental math. If not, jot the figures down. From the tree's huge trunk, there are 60 mighty branches, each bearing 20 other branches. Each of these has 10 small twigs; every second twig bears one large fruit.

3. *How many pears are on the tree?*

AN ECCENTRIC OLD MAN lived alone in a shack with his treasures. The shack had one door and four windows which locked from the inside. One day he locked the windows tightly, made sure no one was inside and went shopping. On his return, he found all his treasures stolen—although neither the windows, still locked, nor the door had been forced in any way.

4. *How did the thief get into the shack, if he did not use a skeleton key or pick any of the locks?*

(Answers are on page 140)

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Women of Fashion

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD—everywhere, that is, but in New York City's teeming garment district where in a 32-square-block area more women hold more important jobs than perhaps in any other industry. It would be hard to get along without women as models, of course; but in other jobs where they compete with men—designing, merchandising, buying, selling and manufacturing—a woman's touch has proved to be as golden as that of Midas.

U.S. women designers like Ceil Chapman, Tina Leser, Claire McCardell, Adele Simpson, and others are acknowledged world leaders. Backing them up are hundreds of other women doing a variety of jobs. A woman working in the garment district—where three out of every four garments worn by American women are manufactured by 4,000 firms—finds New York's $4,000,000,000 fashion industry a hurly-burly and many-faceted business. It ranges from the mundane details of figuring the exact cost in mills of every buttonhole, pleat and sleeve to the sparkling opening showing of a new season that compares favorably with the hoopla and suspense of a Broadway opening.

For a woman, the business can be glamorous and exciting. Yet it can also mean—and usually does—long hours of grinding work, whatever her job. Here in the pictures and text on the following pages is what life is like in fashion for five career women—a designer, a mannequin, a buyer, a saleswoman and a house model.

Young dress designer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL BAKAL

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Anne Klein (*seated right*) in dressing room with models who wear her creations.

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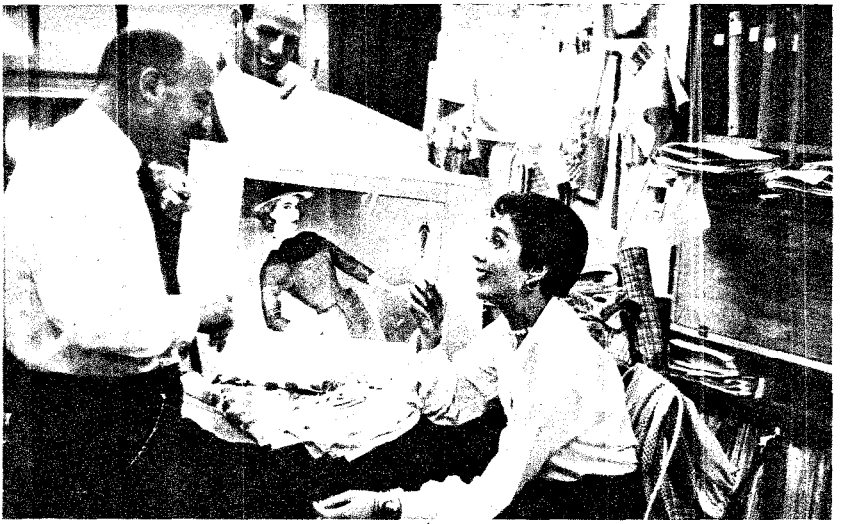

Anne checks ads for new fabrics with husband, Ben (*left*), and ad man Leonard Stein.

Designer

She tries damask tablecloth on model to see how it would look as a dress fabric.

A GOOD DRESS DESIGNER can command a salary of $500 a week and more. She is worth every bit of it; for a dress concern can succeed or fail depending on her work.

The new casual look characteristic of American styles in recent years has produced a bumper crop of talented new designers. Among the best is petite 33-year-old Anne Klein.

She hit the top last year by winning the fashion designers' equivalent of the movie Oscar—the Coty American Fashion Critics' Award. She has made her name on the basis of two ideas—that inexpensive dresses can be as smartly designed as

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expensive ones; and that junior fashions should be designed for size groups rather than age groups.

As a high school girl, Anne wanted to do newspaper fashion illustration; she served a series of apprenticeships as a sketcher, then met the boy next door, Ben Klein, who was so impressed by her ideas that he not only got her a job as a sketcher, but later married her, and is now her boss at Junior Sophisticates. Anne gets her ideas from such things as museum tapestries, living-room drape cords, and even tablecloths. Unlike many designers who start with sketches, Anne draws only rough designs, then works up her ideas in detail on live models; turns out some 400 samples each year at an average cost of $250 each, shows about three-quarters of them. Her most hectic period is the beginning of the fall season when in three and a half weeks as many as 50 dresses must be designed and made for the advance preview of her line.

Like other designers, when she is not creating or following her designs along the production line, Anne is seeing fabric salesmen or out scouting the market for new textures, colors and designs. She has set trends of her own and other designers have adopted many of her ideas. But this doesn't bother her. As Anne smilingly puts it, "Some of us worry about being copied, but I am sure most of us worry about *not* being copied."

Anne relaxes from pressures of work at home with her husband and guests.

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Top mannequin Roz Ames is 26, weighs 117 pounds, is 5'7½" tall. She free lances for six big fashion houses, gets as much as $35 an hour for such fittings as above. Dresses are cut expressly for her figure which is considered "basic" (35-22½-35). "I try to project a dress' personality," Roz says. "If it's a slinky evening gown, I sort of float to give it a dramatic, sophisticated air. When I'm wearing a tailored suit, I move precisely. In sport clothes, I'm nonchalant."

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Mannequin

ROSALIND AMES can't remember ever wanting to be anything but a model. In fact, when she was 12, she went on a starvation diet to get a trim figure for her future career. At 16 she left her home in Philadelphia and headed for Seventh Avenue—as the garment district is commonly called. She was hired for $60 a week while riding in an elevator to see about another job.

Today she makes between $20,000 and $25,000 a year as one of fashion's top free-lance mannequins, modelling for high-fashion houses, department stores and in numerous special fashion shows. She is a favorite with designers, who use her for fittings as well as for showing finished dresses. "Roz is an inspiration," says one. "She makes a dress come alive." A typical day for Roz starts at 6:45 A.M. She spends an hour putting on her professional make-up, walks her two French poodles, gulps a cup of coffee, and runs for her first fitting at 9 o'clock. She keeps going all day through some eight or ten fittings. Often she has no time for lunch and has to carry an apple and a candy bar with her to munch while she works.

Roz makes as much as $35 an hour, but has big expenses. She wears out three pairs of stockings a day, spends $500 annually on taxis, buys two dozen waist-cinchers a year at $10.50 each, and owns 125 pairs of shoes and 11 coats. With all her practice at changing clothes in a hurry, her husband claims it still takes Roz an hour to dress when they go out.

Roz with husband Gene Warren, real estate man, and poodles Frankie and Johnnie

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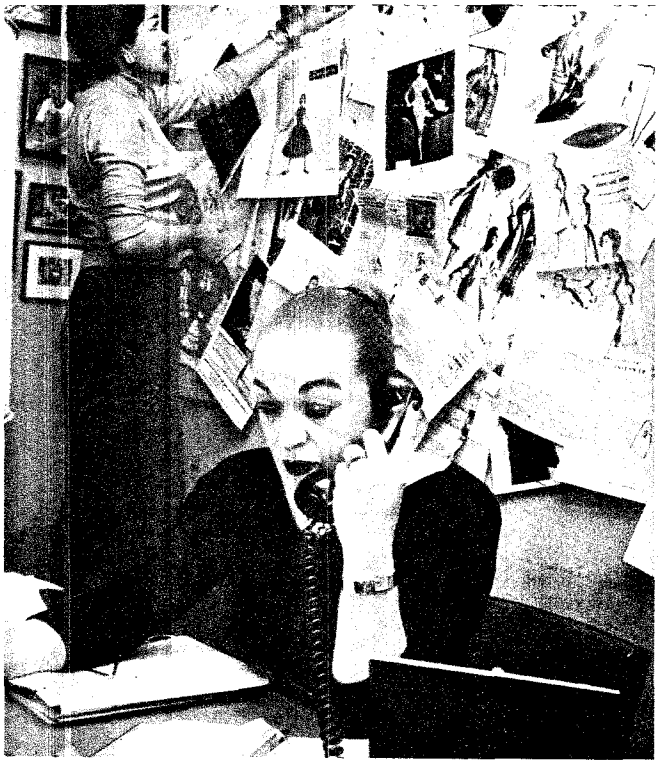

Buyer

Buyer Margay Lindsey spends close to $3,000,000 a year as N.Y. representative for out-of-town stores. Her income depends on the sales of the departments she services.

THE PEOPLE the fashion industry has to please are a hard-headed group called buyers and often known as "pencil pushers" because they are always writing on pads. If they like what they see at an opening and place their orders, everything is fine. If they don't, there is little a manufacturer can do except wait for next season and hope it will be better.

The larger stores send their own buyers converging on New York in great numbers for the openings. But smaller outlets must rely on resident buyers such as Margay Lindsey who represents 14 specialty shops over the country and must be familiar with the latest offerings of more than 150 manufacturers. She also has to know what will sell in a particular area. "In the South, for example," Margay says, "you can't sell woolens after late November. In Seattle they wear wool all the year round. In Seattle, too, they like navy and black, while Tulsa is a big beige city. Then there's a color that goes so well in Milwau-

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Saleswoman

kee we call it Milwaukee Blue. I can also tell when a woman comes from Dallas. All of her accessories are matched."

Margay often works from eight in the morning to eight at night and sometimes visits as many as 20 showrooms a day. She travels some 10,000 miles a year visiting client stores. With all this, she still manages to have time and energy to be a wife—her husband is a sales executive of a perfume company—and a mother to her three children, aged 8, 5, and 4.

SALESWOMAN Lynne Lyons Blum once sang with Johnnie Green and Guy Lombardo and acted in the "Blondie" movies. Now married, she finds her present job in fashions even more glamorous than show business, but believes acting gave her poise that helps her sell, and know how to put on fashion shows.

She enjoys working with buyers, gives them tips on what is "hot," advice on colors and characteristics of dress and cloth, such as whether a dress can be easily cleaned or altered.

Former movie actress Lynne Lyons Blum is now a saleswoman or "pressure artist." When a dress looks good she tells buyers, "It will run right out of the box."

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House model Joan Ferchaud, 19, and her roommate fix dinner in their apartment.

House Model

THE JANE-OF-ALL-TRADES of the fashion industry is the house or factory model. Instead of living in a Park Avenue apartment and earning several thousand dollars a month like many of the glamorous free-lance mannequins, the house models live in modest flats or furnished rooms and earn anywhere from $45 to $75 a week.

When they are not having clothes fitted on them by designers or modeling clothes for buyers, they frequently double as typists, file clerks or bookkeepers and do just about everything else but sweep out the showroom. Some stay with a firm a year or two. Others work for a few months, study ballet or acting in their spare time, and wait with stars in their eyes for the big break that usually never comes or for the letter from the boy back in Dubuque or Paducah, begging them to forget their careers and come home and get married.

Most of the house models, of course, are as pretty as a picture. And one of the prettiest of all is Joan Ferchaud, a 19-year-old Georgia beauty (5′ 7″ tall—36-22-36) who was modeling in Rich's department store in Atlanta when a bathing suit and sweater man from New York saw and hired her. She brought a girl friend along and the two found an apartment, took turns cooking and cleaning. Joan didn't mind the work because in high school home economics had always been her favorite course. And her wholesome home-town kind of beauty proved to be just right for her modeling job.

As a salesman explains it, "Our models can't be too sexy. Most of our buyers are women, and they are likely to get so jealous of the model that they get resentful of the clothes she is wearing and decide not to order them." While Joan enjoyed her work as house model, she recently decided to put her beauty to fuller use and went home so that she could compete in the preliminaries of the Miss Universe beauty contest.

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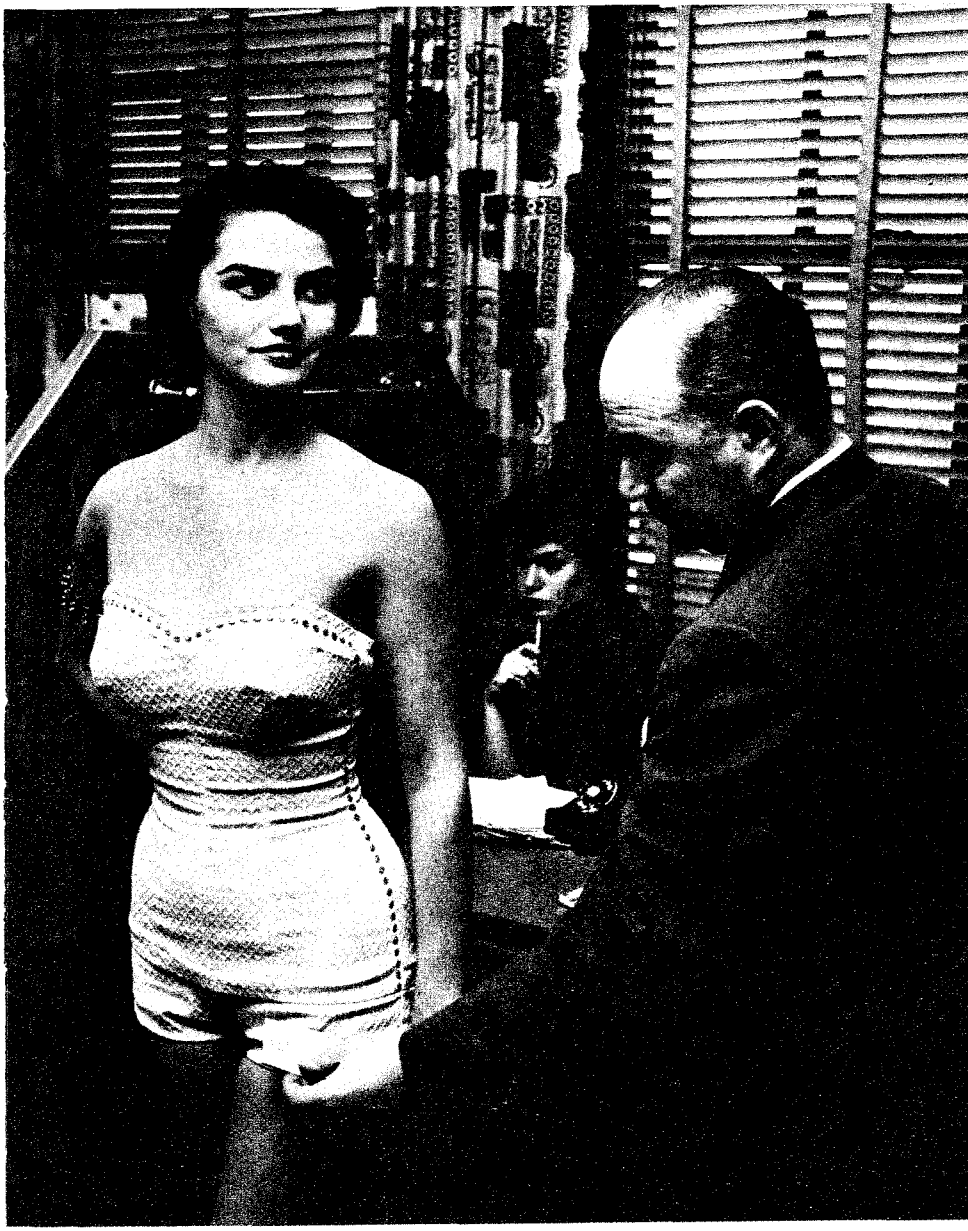

Like Joan, some 6,000 girls work as low-paid model-clerks and hope for big break.

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The Clinic

When multiple sclerosis struck him down, the doctor devoted

by RALPH BASS

THERE'S A LITTLE CLINIC in a western Pennsylvania town where children cry out in anguish every day—because it is time to go home! This is Fairyland Village, dedicated to the rehabilitation of youngsters afflicted with cerebral palsy and other crippling diseases.

There has probably never been another place quite like this unpretentious white frame building in Meadville, just over the line from Ohio. Inside is riotous color instead of cold hospital steel and enamel. Disneyland characters are all about.

In a happy jumble stand a rocking swan, bronco horse, fire engine, jet plane and sailboat, each holding a merry-faced little passenger. It is difficult to realize that these children are undergoing treatment, that inconspicuous electrical equipment is built into the toys and massages twisted limbs and warped bodies as the youngsters play.

The story of Fairyland Village is the story of two inspired men. One is a small-town doctor who himself fought paralysis and death, the other a childless businessman.

The doctor is 46-year-old Edward Connor, a stocky blue-eyed pediatrician with graying hair and a fugitive resemblance to Spencer Tracy. Four years ago, in the midst of his busy practice, multiple sclerosis struck him, bringing partial blindness and paralysis.

A period of despair followed for Connor. He had a wife, a small son and daughter, and a bank account of a size you would expect from a doctor more interested in people than fees. He *had* to get well. With an agony of effort that his friends still remember with awe, Connor threw off the worst effects of the disease.

It was during that period, he says, that he thought more and more of the palsied and spastic children he had encountered in his practice. Every rural community has them, without ever quite realizing how many. Too often they wither away in secluded rooms or fenced-in back yards, their families torn between grief and shame.

The local hospital had neither the room nor the equipment to handle

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That Cares

his life to helping child victims

Dr. Connor, co-founder and director, measures child's height against giraffe's.

such cases. Larger hospitals were too distant for the average family to afford the repeated trips the treatments required.

At this point Dr. Connor met Owen K. Murphy, the man who was to become his associate in Fairyland Village. Red-haired, about the same age as Connor, they could be brothers. Murphy's company, the Niagara Manufacturing and Distributing Corporation in nearby Adamsville, makes electrical devices used by hospitals and clinics for the administration of cyclotherapy—circular stimulation of body tissues.

In the course of a conversation, Murphy observed to Connor that crippled children reacted badly to therapy. Timid because of their handicaps, they were unable to overcome a fear of mechanical equipment; and any physical benefit they derived was outweighed by the psychological disturbances they developed during treatment.

Connor heard Murphy's views with interest, but pointed out that crippled children in their community had precious little chance of seeing *any* kind of equipment. Almost at the identical instant, Murphy recalls, they saw the need for a new kind of clinic, a place where children would feel happy and secure while attempts were made to help them by cyclotherapy.

Between them, the two men worked out the details: Connor was to furnish the medical skill, Murphy the money and equipment. Treatment was to be free. They would accept no donations. And above and beyond all else, the clinic

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was to be a place of laughter and happy children.

Now, two years later, there is still no clear-cut verdict on the final place of cyclotherapy in the rehabilitation of crippled children. There are, however, objective studies which indicate that cyclomassage does help relax spastic muscles in many cases, so that a child may be trained to exercise other useful muscles that might otherwise become wasted through disuse.

Of the clinic's 75 patients, ranging in age from 18 months to 13 years, 30 are regular four-day-a-week visitors, and a substantial number seem to be making progress.

BUT WHATEVER the final medical verdict may be, there can be no doubt that Connor and Murphy have built a happy haven for children who had previously known little gaiety or delight in their brief lives. At Fairyland Village they have been getting both in full measure in the brightly painted automobiles or on the hobby horse, with the gentle massage adding to the fun.

Relaxed by the treatment, a distorted arm turns levers to fire a toy gun mounted on an airplane. Pitifully thin legs pedal hard to make soap bubbles come out of a steamboat's smokestack. At the end of the day a special meter, mounted in a toy of course, searches for an increase in muscle strength.

Through the vividly decorated rooms the attempt at regeneration goes on. A three-year-old naps in a play pen while cyclotherapy units concealed in the cushioned base silently massage wasted tissues. Awakening, he starts for a short ladder fastened to the side of the play pen.

He conquers the first step and there is a button. He grins because he knows there is something exciting in prospect. A quick push on the button and Felix the Cat responds immediately with a brilliant rolling of eyeballs.

The child laughs triumphantly, then struggles on. He reaches the top where another button conjures up a woodpecker who gives the ladder a resounding thump. The boy hugs himself with a joy that is equalled only by that of his mother who has been watching with her heart in her eyes.

Before he was introduced to the play pen, this boy could not be persuaded to take a single step without help. Happiness, play and motivation contribute to any therapy, but when they are combined with it, real progress can be made.

Of course not all of the equipment can be decorative or fanciful. There are two treatment tables on which children stretch out while a nurse applies cyclomassage. However, even here an attempt has been made to avoid hospital atmosphere by lining the ceiling with mirrors so the kids can keep an eye on themselves. Connor found that even so simple an innovation was good for morale.

In chairs equipped with cyclotherapy units, kindergarten-agers draw, color and work puzzles, raptly and undisturbed.

Dr. Connor has his own special chair at the clinic equipped with the cyclotherapy equipment. "I give my-

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self some cyclomassage every day," he says with a smile.

But the multiple sclerosis from which he suffers is no smiling matter. It causes fatty tissue surrounding nerve fiber to degenerate, replacing it with scar tissue. In many cases, loss of movement, speech and sight, follow.

Fortunately, there are remissions of the disease—long periods of comparative freedom from symptoms. Connor has benefited from such a remission and, despite a slight slurring of speech and stretches of exhaustion, he manages to carry a full schedule.

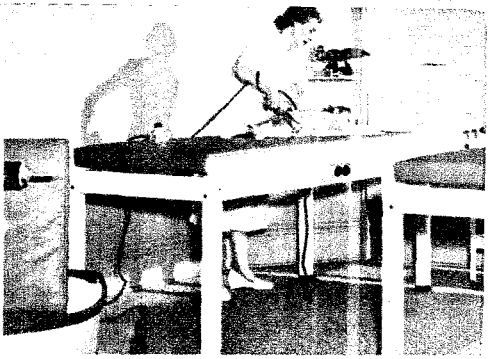
As part of it, he keeps careful records of each small patient's condition before and after treatment. Not only temperature, pulse and respiration interest him—he notes also what toys a child enjoys most and what his parents report about his reactions at home.

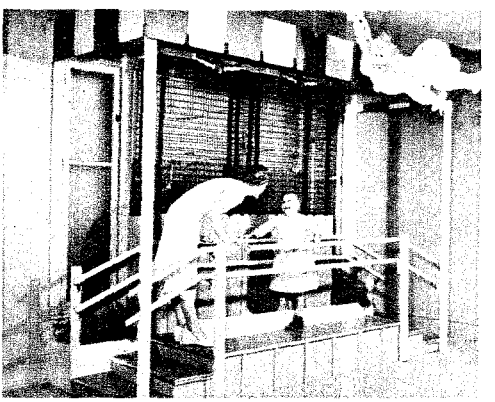
"Rita has become a lot closer to her daddy," a mother says. That's how Connor knows that the father, seeing his child walk for the first time, has conquered the aversion he felt when he first learned his baby was abnormal.

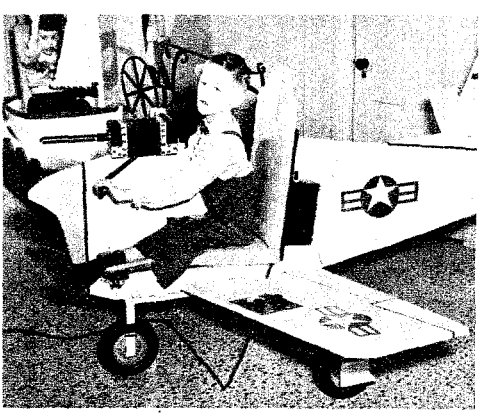
"Unless you get the cooperation of the parents, it's no use," says the doctor. "Above all, they must understand the child's need for acceptance by his brothers and sisters. Rejection can kill the soul."

It is a glad day for him when a mother says, "Mary's sister used to take advantage of her, but now she stands up for her own rights." The child has gained the most important attribute of all: self-respect.

But parents do more than simply







Top, **gentle massage session with electronic unit at left helps relax spastic muscles.** ***Center,*** **cut-out clown encourages palsy patient.** ***Bottom,*** **he's a pilot—getting massage through seat.**

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bolster the child's morale. Connor lends them portable massage units which they use at home on days the child cannot come to the clinic. Hours of patient home treatment work wonders for child and parent alike, forging a deep bond that comes from shared hours in which pain was eased.

From the day Fairyland Village opened, Connor's fellow doctors have sent him child after child. Somehow, room was always found. Two nurses, a kindergarten teacher and a male assistant try to take the brunt of the work off Connor's hands. But, although he still feels the effects of his illness, he never misses a day at the clinic, arranging his hours there so that he can spend some time with every child.

As word of this unique clinic spread, people from other parts of the country, even from abroad, wrote and visited it. Many returned to their communities hopeful of setting up Fairyland Villages of their own.

Connor and Murphy spend many hours advising such enthusiasts and putting them in touch with people in their part of the country who can help. Montgomery, Alabama, recently opened a clinic and Oak Park, Illinois, is planning one.

Connor points out that this country has 200,000 children with cerebral palsy and that many of them live in communities like Meadville. That's why he works longer hours than he should, subjects himself to more stress and strain than is wise.

"Tomorrow I may not walk or talk," he says, "but I'm not scared."

He is not whistling in the dark. In giving himself so completely to others, this good doctor has won something very precious for himself.

That Was Show Business

BASEBALL WAS THE FAVORITE sport of oldtime vaudeville actors and many road units had baseball teams which would play the stagehands of the towns. I remember when the National Variety Artists were trying to get a team together to oppose the Cohan & Harris team.

The manager asked an acrobat, "Will you play third base?" and the acrobat said, "How big a jump is it?"

JOHN BARRYMORE once promised his manager he wouldn't take a drink on the whole tour. The next day he came to the theater showing unmistakable signs of tippling.

"I thought you promised me you wouldn't take a drink," said the disappointed manager.

"Well," explained John, "I had to cash a check, so I had to go where they knew me."

—From *Vaudeville: From the Honky Tonks to the Palace* by JOE LAURIE, JR. (HENRY HOLT & CO., INC.)

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How to Test Your Emotional Maturity

by LYDIA STRONG

Lydia Strong is a writer on psychological and medical subjects who has long studied emotional maturity and its manifestations. This quiz, which she devised for Coronet, was tested in consultation with leading clinical psychologists.
—THE EDITORS

WHAT IS YOUR EMOTIONAL QUOTIENT? In other words, how grown up are you? Your job success and personal happiness may depend on the answer. For 80 to 90 per cent of job failures, psychologists have found, result from immature personalities rather than lack of skill. Even more important, emotional maturity is required for building secure, satisfying personal relationships.

Dr. Sigmund Freud, asked what should be the abilities of a normal person, replied: "To love and to work." To the degree that a man or woman is mature, he or she is able to live happily.

As we develop strength, independence and experience, our character and personality unfold. Unlike physical growth, this process can continue throughout life. There is probably no such thing as a "completely mature" person; there are, rather, degrees of emotional maturity.

Psychologists can judge a person's maturity by a number of factors: 1) his self-knowledge—knowing without self-deception what he is and what he wants; 2) his ability to form warm personal relationships; 3) his ability to develop enriching interests; 4) his reliance on his own judgments and values rather than other people's.

How grown up are you? The following test, *designed for adults,* will give you an idea of the directions in which you have matured, and of those in which you still have some growing up to do.

(*Continued on next page*)
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PART I: DESCRIBE YOURSELF

Check *a* or *b* in each of the five questions below.

1.	a. tolerant	b. friendly
2.	a. self-sufficient	b. self-sacrificing
3.	a. know what you like	b. have good taste
4.	a. bend over backward	b. try to be fair
5.	a. absorbed in the job	b. leading the pack

PART II: CHOOSE A QUOTE

In each of the following groups of quotations, check the one which comes closest to your feelings.

1. LOVE

a. With all your faults, I love you still.
b. Love is a beautiful dream.
c. Love is a kind of warfare.
d. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.
e. Love consists in desiring to give what is our own to another, and feeling his delight as our own.
f. Love me little, love me long.

2. ALONENESS

a. Alone: in good company.
b. A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.
c. He travels the fastest who travels alone.
d. The person who has something to love is never alone.
e. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.

3. WORK

a. I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.
b. Run if you like, but try to keep your breath; work like a man, but don't be worked to death.
c. Great is work, which lends dignity to man.
d. Labor is the law of happiness.
e. All work and no play makes jack.
f. The satisfaction of work well done is a most precious possession.

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PART III: HOW WOULD YOU BEHAVE?

These word pictures show everyday annoyances. In each, you are the person being annoyed. Check how you honestly think you would react.

1. AT THE SUPERMARKET
a. Go right ahead, I don't mind at all.
b. Sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait your turn.
c. Get back to the end of the line, you chiseler.

2. AT THE OFFICE
a. All right, but I followed your instructions.
b. *(aloud)* Yes, sir. *(under breath)* Told you so!
c. Do them over yourself. It's your fault.

3. NO RESERVATION
a. Gosh, did I wire the wrong hotel?
b. You'll hear about this!
c. May I see the manager?

4. BROKEN DATE
a. You don't love me, or you'd keep the date.
b. Why can't you?
c. Okay, and never mind next Saturday either!

PART IV: WHICH WORDS FIT BEST?

Each of the following groups of words contains one KEY WORD in capital letters, and several other words or phrases which might be connected with it. In each group, underline the word or phrase which best fits the key word.

1. SWEETHEART
a. jealousy b. beauty c. love d. money e. marriage

2. WORK
a. pay b. promotion c. satisfaction d. vacation e. accomplishment

3. FRIEND
a. in need b. of the family c. or foe d. for life e. intimate.

4. SLEEP
a. dream b. rest c. insomnia d. nightmare e. waste of time.

(*Continued on next page*)

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PART V: TRUE OR FALSE?

Do you agree with the following statements? Please indicate by checking one of the three columns, TRUE or FALSE or NOT SURE, at the right of each statement.

	TRUE	FALSE	NOT SURE
1. I feel I am doing something worth while.	____	____	____
2. I often find life dull and monotonous	____	____	____
3. As a child, I never stole or lied.	____	____	____
4. I have friends whose company I enjoy.	____	____	____
5. My sex life is satisfactory to me.	____	____	____
6. I sometimes do things I regret later.	____	____	____
7. When I start a new job, I find out right away whom it pays to know.	____	____	____
8. I am easily defeated in an argument.	____	____	____
9. I don't mind being made fun of.	____	____	____
10. Most people would steal to get ahead.	____	____	____
11. I find it difficult to make decisions.	____	____	____
12. I get restless staying in the same place.	____	____	____
13. Laws were made to be broken.	____	____	____
14. I like everybody.	____	____	____
15. Most people won't put themselves out to help others.	____	____	____
16. I worry most of the time.	____	____	____
17. It is always good to be frank, even if it hurts people.	____	____	____
18. I enjoy meeting people.	____	____	____
19. Anyone who will work has a chance to succeed.	____	____	____
20. I'm afraid of doctors.	____	____	____

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SCORING

Part I: Score yourself 2 points each for the following answers:

1b, 2a, 3a, 4b, 5a.

Part II: Score yourself on your choices, as follows:

Question	a	b	c	d	e	f
1.	4	1	1	3	5	2
2.	3	4	1	5	2	-
3.	2	5	3	4	1	5

Part III: Score yourself 2 points each for the following answers:

1b, 2a, 3c, 4b.

Part IV: Score yourself on your choices, as follows:

Question	a	b	c	d	e
1.	2	3	5	1	4
2.	2	3	4	1	5
3.	3	2	1	4	5
4.	3	5	0	0	0

Part V: On questions 1, 4, 5, 6, 18, 19: Score 1 point for each TRUE. On questions 2, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20: Score 1 point for each FALSE.

If you have marked 3 to 5 questions NOT SURE, deduct 1 point from your score. If you have marked over 6 questions NOT SURE, deduct 3 points.

On questions 3, 9, and 14: Deduct 1 point for each TRUE answer, ½ point for each NOT SURE. (There are almost no human beings who never stole or lied as children, who don't mind being made fun of, or who like everybody. Unless you are one of these very rare individuals, answering anything but FALSE on these questions may indicate either carelessness or lack of realism.)

Now, add your total score. (See page 68 for an evaluation of it.)

PAYROLL DEDUCTIONS HAVE accomplished one thing: it is impossible to spend all one earns. —MARY ALKUS

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HISTORY'S BLACK SPICE

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

It's only pepper—but the course of empires was changed by it

THE AMERICAN BRIG slipped silently into the dark bay and dropped anchor with no more noise than that of a fish splashing in the night. To the north, the cliffs of Sumatra stood outlined against the sky like giant heads watching over the black mass of the shoreline.

Then, even before deck watches could be posted, brown heads began to appear over the sides, and with wild shrieks, Malayan pirates sprang on to the brig's deck, the sharp blades of their creeses flashing. . .

This happened many times along the coast of Sumatra a century and a half ago when American merchantmen went to trade for a pungent, bitter, biting black berry. For it, men risked death from the pirates of Malaya and from unscrupulous Sumatra natives who tempted them ashore and then treacherously slaughtered them so that they might steal from their ships.

World politics centered about the dried black berry, yesterday's priceless uranium. The color of oil, it probably built more fortunes than all of our oil wells. It brought death, dollars, despair, and delight to the men who sought it.

This simple black berry is pepper, the oldest spice known to man—also the most valuable and the most popular. Without it, or the desire for it, there probably wouldn't be an America, our great sea trade routes would still be undiscovered, and man might even have given up the idea of eating meat.

Pepper, both black and white, comes from a perennial vine, *Piper nigrum*. Black pepper is the berry picked before it is fully ripe, then dried; white pepper, the berry left on the vine until ripened, then the outer hull removed. Both are shipped

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to market whole as peppercorns.

It is native to the Travancore and Malabar areas of tropical India and is cultivated, too, in the East Indies; and we import most of our average yearly 30,500,000 pounds (nearly 35 per cent of the world's output) from India and Indonesia, with lesser amounts from various ports within a 1000-mile radius of Singapore.

The eastern black pepper has no relation to cayenne or red pepper. Nor are the big green and red peppers that you pick up at the vegetable stand any more than sorry cousins.

Most Americans seem to prefer pungent black pepper over all other varieties, and use it in nearly every condiment and in almost all processed meat or food. Europeans take to the white grain for its distinctive, less hot flavor, and use large quantities in cooking.

Black pepper, which comes to us ground finely, coarse-cut or as peppercorns to be used in our own grinders, is usually identified either by the ports through which it is shipped or the areas where grown. Peppers differ to some extent in color, size, physical and chemical properties and flavor. Aleppey and Tellicherry are two of the finer types.

History records the use of pepper as far back as 3000 B.C. It was put in sausage meat during the Crusades, yet it wasn't until 1951 that scientists proved it had an "oustanding preservative effect" on the meats used in the making of sausage. Pepper is also placed on the list of spices recommended as seasoning in the food of patients on a salt-free diet.

The ancients held it of equal value to gold and silver. Early in the 5th Century when Rome was besieged by Alaric, king of the Goths, part of the ransom demanded from the city was 3,000 pounds of pepper.

For many years in Europe and the Far and Middle East, its use was restricted to royalty and the extremely wealthy nobles. Taxes and tributes were paid in pepper.

It was also held to have great medicinal value. A leechbook, or collection of medieval recipes of the 15th Century, advised: "To cure aching loins, the patient is to take nine peppercorns."

The search for this precious, pungent stuff led the Portuguese to seek an all-sea route to the Orient and resulted in Vasco da Gama rounding the Cape of Good Hope; pushed Christopher Columbus into setting sail for the spice lands of the East and the eventual discovery of America. Prior to these voyages the potent black spice, always in high demand in Europe, was obtained from secret sources in the Orient, then transported by camel caravan across Asia.

England stuck her hand in the pepper pot in 1577, after Sir Francis Drake's history-shaking voyage around the world drew attention to the lucrative opportunities of the South Seas and the Oriental trade. Eventually, in her quest for the black gold, England built the greatest navy the world had ever known and acquired India, Ceylon, Singapore and other eastern possessions.

America slipped quietly into the trade on the morning of April 15, 1788, when the 100-ton brig *Cadet*

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left the harbor of Salem, Massachusetts, on a secret mission.

Nothing was heard of the brig until February 14, 1790, when word came that she was at the Cape of Good Hope from the East Indies, bound for the West Indies. When the *Cadet* made port months later at Boston, her hold was full of millions of little wrinkled black berries.

The *Cadet* went down in history as the ship that began the pepper trade with Sumatra, an island fabulously rich in pepper plants. It was a dangerous business and most of the ships that followed her left their home ports armed to the teeth.

The *Cadet's* voyage was directly responsible for some of America's great fortunes (Crowninshield, Peabody, Phillips, West, Peele), for the rise of our merchant marine, the prosperity of New England commerce, and our monopoly of the pepper traffic, called the "China Trade" by early New England seamen.

The romantic phase of the pepper trade is long past and today most of us take the black stuff for granted. Although we use more than one-third of the world's annual supply of nearly 90,000,000 pounds, it has been estimated that the average American family shakes only 7.1 ounces into their food a year. The balance is used by the makers of baked and canned goods, and meat-packing houses.

Chemists, attempting to discover what magical quality pepper has held for so many centuries, came up with this:

"It owes its pungency to a resin, its flavor to a volatile oil, of which it yields from 1.6 to 2.2 per cent. It also contains a yellow crystalline alkaloid called piperine, of 2 to 8 per cent, which has the same empirical formula as morphine (C_{17} H_{19} NO_3), but differs in constitution and properties."

Perhaps it is this last quality that makes it a world habit. No one seems to know.

The power of pepper can best be illustrated by a recent action in an American court: a man had filed for divorce, claiming that his wife deliberately withheld necessary food items.

"She knows I like pepper," he told the judge. "Yet she won't use it on a thing, and threw all of our black pepper away!"

It took the learned justice exactly three minutes to grant the divorce.

Breakfast for Two

WHEN GEORGE LORIMER was editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, there was an ironclad rule that there must never be an off-color situation or an indecent word or suggestion in the *Post*.

This rule was broken when the end of the first installment of Katherine Brush's "The Red Headed Woman" found the secretary-heroine having a drink with her boss at his home, his wife away and night drawing on. To the deep shock of many readers, the second installment began with the two having breakfast.

Editor Lorimer prepared a form letter to answer indignant mail. It read: "The *Post* cannot be responsible for what the characters in its serials do between installments."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

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a mother-in-law says:

"I Won't Give Up My Sons!"

by WILMA COX

"Our jobs as parents do not end when our children marry. We still have much to give each other—so why should we be alienated by the sneer of 'Momism'?"

FOR A FORTNIGHT last summer I was in my younger son's house, a visitor minding her manners, speaking and stepping with care as if "Do Not Disturb" signs were posted on the front door. I didn't like it one bit.

Rob, my son, went to his office. The children ran outdoors to play. Enid, Rob's wife, turned on the washing machine or the vacuum cleaner, drove downtown for marketing, whipped up a cake, while I sat on the porch reading magazines. Enid had suggested, shortly after that first day, that was what I should do. It was her house. I did as she asked.

When Rob came at six, he mixed martinis. They were drunk sedately, all of us acting the stylized drama of mother-in-law visiting. At dinner and in the living room afterwards, we made conversation, nibbling at the edges of topics as though we were casual acquaintances.

As I sat there, not stranger nor family but transient of undefined status, I found myself looking back to the years when Rob and Kenny, his older brother, and their father and I had lived under one roof, a lively and noisy family having a wonderful time. We'd shared work and money worries and laughter. We'd bickered as all families do, and forgiven and forgotten, for each of us surely knew that he loved the other and that was all that really mattered.

Now I sat wondering where that warm closeness had gone,

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and why we had let it disappear.

In that fortnight, I made an emphatic decision: my sons belong to me; I do not propose to let them go and become aliens to me or I to them. We have an investment in one another—not solely the tie of birth but years of living together as friends. We can't let that go to waste. I'll work and fight to hold my children.

My great error had been my withdrawal, my deliberate staying out of their lives—because I'd been told that was the right thing to do. With whole heart, I wished them to have what I had enjoyed, the best of marriages. And so good-by, darlings, good luck. I'll make a new life for myself as you make yours.

KENNY married first and when the baby came bought a house in the country, where I was a once-a-month Sunday guest bringing neatly wrapped gifts, taking the 10:25 A.M. out, the 8:15 P.M. back to town. Rob found a good position out West. We corresponded, exchanged snapshots.

The boys married fine girls of character, intelligence and good looks. "Well now," everyone said, "your children are married. They're off on their own, you're free."

My mind assented to that though my heart disapproved and kept saying, "These still are your children. How far will you let them wander from you?"

Every good parent wishes his children to be able to stand and go forward on their own feet. It's wise and just to start them early on the road to independence. And even if it hadn't been sensible, most of my generation would have done it anyway because we were scared by the mass of psychological writing and talking against the evil of "Momism"—the legend that all mothers strive to hold their sons by the old umbilical cord and that every young wife is in a tug-of-war with Mom for the possession of the poor young man's soul.

We who were mothers of sons cringed and vowed we'd never let that happen between our children and us. And so we stayed at our distance and grew lonely and lost, since what has been most important in one's daily living for close to a quarter century is not lightly or quickly dismissed.

I've begun to wonder whether our children were not as lonely as we. Enid must have sensed something of that in Rob, for it was she who urged me to make the visit.

When I arrived, I felt as my five-year-old grandson Mickey must have when he cried out, "I'm so excited I'm ready to bust!" There we were, hugging each other, laughing together, all bubbling with joy at being together. We had six hours of this. Then, in the evening, it changed abruptly.

The tension started when two of Enid's friends, young wives like herself, came by to visit and Enid presented me. "This is my mother-in-law," she said.

Measured smiles, a stiffening, a tightening, and I almost could see the letters falling into words in their minds, "Poor Enid. She has her mother-in-law visiting. Poor Enid, she'll have two weeks of being watched, criticized, put-upon."

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Poor Enid, indeed! Poor *me!* I came with love and good will, and here's hostility.

In the city where I live, people like or dislike me according to how we get along in our business and social relationships but they do not pre-judge. I am a person. I refuse to be turned into a stereotype. That was what was happening in Enid's house.

Next morning when I began to help get breakfast, as I would in any friend's house, Enid said, "Let me do it. I know how this family likes its food fixed." I let her do it.

I did help with the dishes, however. Every woman welcomes help with the dishes, even from a mother-in-law.

After breakfast I started to help with the housework. We were six, using a single bathroom. Damp towels and washcloths cluttered the place. I tidied the room.

When Enid saw what I'd done, sudden anger darkened her face. I wanted to say, "Bless you, child, this is no criticism of your housekeeping. It's just an attempt to lighten your load. Once I, too, had a busy household with little children. I know how welcome an extra hand is."

But I remembered Sue and I walked a chalk-line from then on.

Sue is one of my adult friends, a competent, generous woman whose son's wife had decided to keep on with her job, which limited her time for homemaking. Sue offered her help. "Joanie, if you'll choose your materials, I'll be very glad to sew your curtains and draperies."

Sue made the curtains and draperies and hung them. But instead of thanks, what Joan said was: "I'd rather you hadn't done it. You're so efficient you make me feel inferior. I don't think I like you."

Joan's generation calls that being honest. Mine would call it bad manners, even cruelty.

MY WONDROUS ODYSSEY
by Ogden Nash
The popular humorist whisks you through the bewildering years of parenthood with new verse written for Coronet, and other Nash favorites
AUGUST CORONET

Joan was extreme, I'll grant. Most of her contemporaries do have some use for their husbands' mothers. Having no maids, they welcome them as baby-sitters and part-time domestic help, but only in the rarest of circumstances do they accept them as friends.

I thought as I sat on the porch with the magazines: My son belongs to Enid now, to Enid alone . . . But that isn't true either. He does belong also to me. We still have much to give to each other. Why should we be deprived?

Rob's eyes were uneasy as we said goodby. "I hope you enjoyed your visit," he said. "The children loved having you."

The children, I thought wryly, hadn't heard about "Momism." They could take me without suspicion of motives, with spontaneous friendship.

Rob's troubled face was before me all the way. We had failed one another. Why had it happened to us? Because I knew with certainty we had deliberately, wantonly severed a precious bond.

Having lived in a marriage themselves, most mothers are aware that

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building a marriage is hard. The adjustment of personalities to one another takes time and the long, painful process of trial and error needs privacy. Problems are best worked out by those whose problems they are, without gratuitous advice. Yet by retreating, by keeping silent, I, and many like me, had seemed indifferent to our children's needs.

Once having let the gulf come, it was hard to reach across, saying, "We care very much about your happiness. How can we help you along?"

We wish they would come to us, asking, "What did you do when you were in a spot like this?" But they don't, because they have been put on notice that they must build their own lives.

Our jobs as parents were by no means finished when we watched our children take their marriage vows. We still have much to give them, much that they need—warmth, understanding, loyalty, even help with the mortgage payments.

And they have much to give us—much that we need—the same sort of things that we expect from friends. I believe they're eager to give them but we're too proud to allow them the chance.

My brilliant friend Helen, a wise and strong woman of 60-odd, met me one day all aglow. "I have just had a wonderful letter from my son," she said. "He orders me to come and live near him. 'Let me make the decision for you,' he wrote. 'Let me decide what is best for you.' " She folded the letter and tucked it like an amulet next her heart. "Do you understand how wonderful that is? Paul is a grown man at last. He takes a man's responsibilities toward me. I am so proud."

Kenny did something like that, too, one Sunday evening when he was driving me to the depot. We had been talking like ordinary acquaintances, both of us full of the sense of inadequacy that always follows my visiting day.

"Kenny," I asked impulsively, "would things have been better between us if I had asked more help from you?"

His answer came slowly and thoughtfully. "I think so," he said. "It would have been good to feel you needed me."

I do. I need Kenny and Rob to be close and dear in the present and future, as we were in the past. For they belong to me.

What Your Score Means

(Scoring guide for test on page 57)

65-70: Exceptional maturity.
55-64: Well above average.
44-54: Reasonable maturity but with definite need for development. A second look at all the questions, both those on which you scored high and those on which you didn't score, will help you evaluate your strengths and weaknesses.
43 or below: A more grown-up approach would improve your enjoyment of living.

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Change a Letter

HIS DAYS as a newspaper editor taught Quizmaster Will Rogers, Jr.—now host of "Good Morning!" (CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 7-8 A.M. EST)—how one letter can change the meaning of a word and even a sentence. In the list below, find the word defined first; change a letter and you'll have the second definition; repeat and you get the third. For example: brink; poetry; energy—VERGE, VERSE, VERVE. It's triple tricky—so be on guard! (Answers on page 80)

1. ebony; vacant; mild.
2. a feather pen; bed cover; still.
3. sufficient; Eve's fruit; put to use.
4. criss-cross stripes; clean; braid.
5. not net; pasture; hand clasp.
6. smallest; device for dogs; to let.
7. Money that talks; newly wed woman; salt water.
8. Mixture of metals; pacify; back street.
9. goeth before a fall; cost of item; puncture.
10. ridiculous comedy; power; to sign falsely.
11. highway hotel; cover girl; heard in Swiss Alps.
12. sun-dried brick; worship; decorate.
13. shrewd; sweets; fop.
14. thick board; carpenter's tool; flat round dish.
15. boxes; worries; female horses.
16. declare; a fixed gaze; a trap.
17. subject; bracing medicine; a sort of shirt.
18. heavy rain; a tale; a long-legged bird.
19. a swarm; a four-legged animal; an abode.
20. analyze grammatically; bag for money; a throb.
21. high river bank; bar for moving a weight; Romeo.
22. felony; sound of bell; reprimand.
23. selected; an odd job; The Lost ————.
24. desist; pursue; gap in the earth.
25. to imagine; fear; to trample.
26. to choose; to build; to expel.
27. to gamble; liquid; a thin cake.
28. to cleanse with hot water; to ascend; not fresh.

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The Listening Touch

by Lois Baker Muehl

The fresh vision and innocence of children endows even the simple things with a new magic

Suppose from one simple act practiced over and over you could gain both pleasure and wisdom. Would you do it?

Then just listen—*really* listen, with all your heart and mind—to the nearest child. Maybe the child won't be yours, but the rewards will be.

For instance, ordinarily I hate to wake up in the morning. When the thundering feet of our four children announce, before the alarm clock goes off, that a new day of clatter and crisis is here, my immediate urge is to burrow under the covers.

But the other morning I awoke listening to the sound of our five-year-old Sigrid's voice chanting, "Mommy, look at the sky."

I pried one eye open. A broad flat-topped mass of black clouds clung to the horizon, divided sharply from the contrasting light-washed blue above. Black and blue dawn, I noted sleepily. Nothing new about that. My eyes started to droop shut but Sigrid's next words startled me fully awake.

"Is that the way God rolls back the dark?" she wanted to know.

There it was in a single question: all the imaginative freshness of approach to the familiar, the eager grasping at life which is every child's heritage, and which grownups seem to have lost, or mislaid.

We had that same freshness once. But most of us swathe our senses daily in thick layers of routine and rush. I do. Almost the only times I catch a glimpse again of the child's keen enjoyment of everyday things is when I listen to the children around me finding their world literally so

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wonderFUL. Then I stop groaning, to grow.

Like the time my husband and I had been weeding for two hours on a sticky summer afternoon. It wasn't charm and graciousness we were exuding when Candy, the pig-tailed princess from next door, dropped over to "help." Fortunately for the survival of the garden, she was suddenly distracted by something on the ground.

"What's *that?*" she asked.

I glanced over at the tomatoes. "Caterpillar!" I snapped from the depths of my entomological wisdom.

"What's it do?"

"Eats holes in leaves."

She'd been about to touch it with her finger. Hastily she backed away. "Will it eat holes in me?"

"Of course not," I reassured her. Time to introduce the child to logic. "You're not a leaf."

Candy regarded the caterpillar with awe until, at last, she picked up enough courage to tap the critter with a blade of grass.

"Oooooh!" she screamed, eyes tight shut in ecstasy. "I tickled the 'pillar and he *wiggled!*"

We had to laugh at her delight—and go on with our own work refreshed, because the garden had suddenly become a place for fun. Quick tingling pleasure is the first immediate reward of listening to children.

Remember how, as a kid walking along the street, you had to count to 100 before you reached the next lamp post, or find three men with red neckties in a block?

I'd forgotten completely the thrill of these games until our first-grade neighbor puzzled me by bursting from the school bus at the corner, tearing down our road in a wild succession of hops, skips and runs, then draping herself, breathless, around the post of the Dead End sign opposite our house.

"Mary Ann," I called. "Why on earth do you run so fast? You're all out of breath."

Her brown eyes sparkled. "It's a game! The bus goes one block farther on, then turns around and goes by our street again." She paused a moment for breath. "I have to reach the sign before it gets back."

"Do you always win?" I asked her, curious.

"Nope!" she said cheerfully. "But that's what makes it fun when I do."

Whenever I make a low score at Scrabble now, I console myself with Mary Ann's philosophy.

Not everything one learns through listening to children is so pleasant. Some of their comments can be downright revealing. That's when the reward of self-knowledge comes.

I gained a true picture of my unexalted position in the eyes of our two daughters at the time of the Coronation. The girls had been up to some sort of mischief, and Sigrid tried to offset what was coming with a worried little plea: "Don't scold us."

"She has to." Erika spoke from sad experience. "She's a mother, and just plain mothers always scold. If she didn't scold us she'd be a queen, 'cause queens don't scold or spank their children."

Okay, so I was no queen. But I recognized Erika's observation as a

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piece of royal advice, for all its indirectness. It meant that every time I lost my temper with the children, scolded or spanked, I demeaned myself from a high standard set in their minds. To them, queenliness was the equivalent of poise and consideration. To act otherwise was to step down from my own particular throne of love and admiration in their eyes.

Have I lost my temper since? Certainly. But I hope not quite so often, nor in a harsh, unthinking way.

It is not *when* we listen that matters but that we *do* listen, as sympathetically as possible and with the same courtesy and attention we would pay a stranger.

Children sense whether they're meeting fake or genuine interest. They give out or clam up, depending on the attitude of their listener. And it is the understanding and insight into the problems they face as they go through the inevitable stages of mud, mess and mooning that are among the most important rewards of listening.

Of course, listening need not be confined solely to children. Listening is a talent, a skill, an art, that can be practiced anywhere, any time. And the good listener will be loved and respected—perhaps even revered—because no one can truly listen without growing immeasurably wiser.

New laughs, new outlooks, new learning—all start with the listening touch.

Candid Comments

WHILE WATCHING a movie heroine's pitiful struggle to find true love, a husband became more and more annoyed with his wife's sniffles. Finally he demanded: "Why is it you cry over the imaginary woes of people you never met?"

"For the same reason," his wife snapped back, "that you yell and scream when a man you don't know hits a home run." —AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

IN 1909, WINSTON CHURCHILL became a proud father. It is said that this baby daughter was once the subject of a conversation on the Treasury Bench.

"Is she a pretty child?" asked Mr. Lloyd George.

Her father beamed. "The prettiest child ever seen," he said.

"Like her mother, I suppose?" inquired Lloyd George politely.

"No," answered Winston Churchill solemnly. "She is exactly like me."

—SHEILA B. FINGRET, *Picture Post* (London)

A DEJECTED COACH entered a telephone booth after losing out in the high school basketball tournament. When he discovered he didn't have a dime, he called to a passing student, "Hey, lend me a dime so I can call a friend."

Grinning sourly, the student reached in his pocket and handed the coach two dimes. "Here's 20 cents, Coach. Call all your friends."

—ROSE ALBERTA BAIRPAUGH

WHEN GENERAL Mark Clark was asked what was the best advice he ever received, he answered: "To marry the girl I did."

"Who gave you that advice, General?" his questioner asked.

The General smiled. "She did."

—*Irish Digest*

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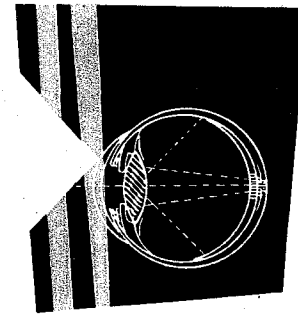
What Your Eyes Tell the Doctor



They often mirror the first clue to an undetected illness—from gout to anemia to tuberculosis

by BERNARD ROSENBERG

A MIDDLE-AGED TRUCK DRIVER on his way home from work suddenly felt something gritty in his right eye. All the usual procedures for getting it out proved unsuccessful and next morning he went to an eye clinic to have the supposed foreign body removed.

There an ophthalmologist—a medical doctor specializing in eye disorders—examined the trucker's eyes with special instruments, asked a few questions, then sent him to the medical department for a serum uric-acid test, a Wassermann, a blood-sugar test, and a chest X ray.

The uric-acid test showed an excess in the blood, indicating gout. When colchicine, a remedy for gout, was administered, the "bad" eye cleared up in a short time.

The doctor's diagnosis was a combination of observation, medical knowledge and simple deduction. When he noticed that the trucker's eye pupil was abnormally small and the eye's fluid parts contained yellow massed particles, he knew that gout was suspect. Laboratory tests confirmed this, even though there was no sign as yet of the characteristic excruciating joint pain.

The unmasking of a serious body ailment in the routine course of an eye examination is not unique, for eye trouble is often a warning symptom of medical disorders elsewhere in the body.

"The eye tells more about health and disease than any other body organ," says Dr. Abraham Schlossman, Assistant Surgeon in Ophthalmology at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

According to ophthalmologists, normal eye parts have characteristic appearances when studied through the slit-lamp microscope and the ophthalmoscope—devices

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for examining the front and the back of the eye.

Abnormal eye parts also have characteristic appearances, for diseases from almost every organ in the body affect different eye parts and leave characteristic signs. For example, jaundice—an obstruction of the bile ducts—turns the white of the eye a lemon-yellow. Severe anemia gives the back of the eye an unusual pale appearance and sometimes flamed-shaped retinal hemorrhages.

When more than one disease causes similar eye symptoms, laboratory tests and a thorough medical check-up usually uncover the disease responsible. Take for example tuberculosis, an infectious disease that still kills some 15,000 men, women and children each year in the United States. Tuberculosis may occur in any body part: skin, bone, joint, lymph gland, kidney, brain, lung and even the eye.

Circulating blood carries t.b. microbes from infected centers. When such blood passes through the eye, the microbes leave behind them diagnostic signs.

One night at the opera, the wife of a wealthy New York stockbroker suddenly saw flashes of light, spots and blurring in her left eye. Her husband immediately telephoned an ophthalmologist friend.

"Bring Madge right over," the friend said.

The ophthalmoscope showed signs of a white, somewhat elevated area in the back of the eye. The ophthalmologist called the husband aside.

"There's a localized inflamed spot which could be caused by several conditions, including tuberculosis," he said quietly. "We'll have laboratory and X-ray tests made at once."

Testing showed tuberculosis in the body; but rest, adequate nutrition and treatments with new drugs restored health and vision.

Recently, a woman tearfully told her ophthalmologist, "My husband says I look gruesome when I'm asleep because my eyeballs show."

The eye physician's ears perked up at the words "my eyeballs show." Upon examination, he found an ever-so-slight eyeball protrusion, staring look, rigid upper lids, dilated pupils. Tentative diagnosis: exophthalmus—eye protrusion caused most commonly by a superabundant amount of the hormone thyroxine released into the blood by an overactive thyroid.

Basal metabolism and radio-active iodine testing confirmed the ophthalmologist's conclusion and on treatment by her family doctor, the patient's metabolic rate was brought back to normal.

THE INTERNAL DISORDER that ophthalmologists probably diagnose more often than other medical men in the first instance is brain tumor, which causes one in every two hundred deaths.

The retina in the back of the eye, made up of nerve elements, is directly connected with the fibers of the optic nerve to the brain. A brain tumor pressing on the fibers anywhere in their long course from the eye to the back of the brain may destroy them.

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One afternoon, a chest specialist and an ophthalmologist were talking together in the ophthalmologist's office. Suddenly the chest specialist asked, "Can you let me have a couple of aspirins? I've another terrible headache."

"How long have you had them?" the eye doctor asked.

"Several months."

"How's the eyesight?"

"All right, except I've noticed recently that I don't see so well when things come at me from my right side."

The ophthalmologist examined the chest doctor's eyes and found nothing abnormal. Then he did a visual field test with a perimeter and tangent screen, which disclosed a marked loss of sight on the right side. Ophthalmologists call this "hemianopsia"—a condition frequently attributable to the destruction of optic nerve fibers by a brain tumor.

A neurosurgeon confirmed the diagnosis and the chest specialist was operated on successfully.

The normal eye sees clear-cut images; the nearsighted and farsighted eye, blurred images. To ophthalmologists, sudden changes in the degree of either are a diagnostic clue to a chronic metabolic disease involving more than 3,000,000 Americans.

A young college woman went to the school eye doctor because she couldn't see through her glasses as well as she had been able to a few weeks before. The physician found the girl's eyes normal in every way except that she had suddenly become more nearsighted. This sudden change pointed a warning finger, and she was sent to an internist for laboratory tests.

These confirmed the ophthalmologist's suspicions of an early mild case of diabetes. The girl was put on insulin and a strict diet and her eyesight returned to normal.

Since the eye's unusual diagnostic quality makes it a barometer of general health, it is wise to have your eyes checked periodically by a competent ophthalmologist, even if you have no troublesome symptoms. Who knows? He may uncover some systemic disorder that, when treated in time, may save you from unnecessary suffering, protracted invalidism or even premature death.

Oh, Male! Oh Female!

ASKED by the quizmaster on a TV show to name a great time saver, a woman contestant promptly answered, "Love at first sight." —RUTH GITLEN

NO MATTER what happens, there is always a man or woman who knew it would.
—*O'Bannon's Between Calls*

ONE OF LIFE'S little ironies is that a man never learns to tie a bow tie properly until he's too old to wear one. —SENATOR SOAPER

MAN HAS LESS COURAGE than woman. Imagine a man with 15 cents in his pocket trying on seven suits of clothing in four different shops. —*General Features Corp.*

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SOME LISTENERS were peppering the writer and big-game hunter, Ernest Hemingway, with questions following a dramatic account of his adventures in Africa.

"Is it true," asked one, "that wild beasts in the jungle won't harm you if you carry a torch?"

"That all depends . . ." replied Hemingway ". . . on how fast you carry it." —*A. M. A. Journal*

TWO YOUNGSTERS were sitting spellbound in the barber shop watching the barber give a customer a hair singe. As the taper and scissors moved expertly over the man's hair, suddenly one boy turned to the other exclaiming: "Look! He's searching for them with a flame thrower." —*A. M. A. Journal*

A VERY, VERY ABSENT-MINDED professor and his wife were dinner guests at the home of another faculty member. As the evening wore on the host glanced at the clock on the mantel and the professor took out his watch and looked at it thoughfully.

An hour went by and conversation began to lag. Whereupon the host remarked something about how time flew in pleasant company, to which the professor agreed.

After another hour had passed, the host stifled a yawn and said, "It's really getting late, and you have quite a way to go home—"

"*I*?" exclaimed the professor, springing to his feet. "My goodness, I thought I *was* home!" —EUGENE MIXELL

AN EASTERNER touring the Southwest stopped beside some Indians selling rugs.

"How much for that rug?" he asked one of them.

"Ugh," replied the Indian. "Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty dollars."

"Ugh. Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-two dollars."

"Ugh. Fifty dollars."

"Look," said the man, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars. Take it or leave it."

"Listen, bud," said the Indian. "What d'ya want? Bargains like Manhattan Island every day?"

—FRANK FORD

A HOLLYWOOD ACTRESS visited a movie set on her day off. A censor came by, took one look at

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her playsuit and went at once to the head of the wardrobe department.

"That girl can't wear that outfit in this picture," he roared at the top of his lungs.

"Don't worry," said the wardrobe woman. "That's not a costume for the picture. That's her own."

—*The Eagle*

"HOW WELL YOU and your wife get on," a friend remarked to a man whose marriage was very happy. "Don't you ever have differences of opinion?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "very often."

"You must get over them quickly."

"Ah, that's the secret," said the husband. "I never tell her about them."

—*Answers*

BRITISH CONDUCTOR Sir Thomas Beecham and a friend attended an all-Mozart concert offered by a rival conductor. Beecham, a world-famous interpreter of Mozart, found the performance disappointing. After the first selection, he began to fidget in his seat.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked his companion. "I thought Mozart was your favorite composer."

"He is," replied Sir Thomas, "when I conduct him."

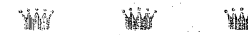
—E. E. EDGAR

AT THE AUCTION of a famous racing stable a young man in the very latest riding togs bought a sway-backed animal that looked ready for the glue factory. A farmer who had been watching inquired, "What on earth are you going to do with an old nag like that?"

"Why," the young horseman replied loftily, "I'm going to race him."

The farmer took a long look at the horse. "Well," he observed, "I'd say you'll win."

—MILTON WEISS



"DOCTOR," said the old gentleman as he entered the physician's office, "I've got to have a blood test. I'm going to get married."

The doctor eyed him admiringly. "Married?" he asked. "How old are you anyway?"

"I'm 78."

"And the bride—?"

"Oh, she's only 22."

"22?" cried the doctor. "Why that kind of disparity could be fatal!"

"Well," shrugged the old man philosophically, "if she dies, she dies!"

—*A. M. A. Journal*

DURING A TRIAL in Oklahoma, the judge asked a witness: "Do you have any brothers or sisters?"

"No, my only sister died 150 years ago."

The judge looked incredulous. "That's not possible."

"On the contrary," said the witness. "At the age of 20 my father married and had a daughter. She died in infancy. When my father was 72 he became a widower. He married again. Four years later I was born, and I am now 94."

—ELEANOR DEUTSCH

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NATURE'S POWER DRILL

by REED MILLARD

Science marvels at how the woodpecker can ram its head against trees and poles without getting punch-drunk

WHEN SCIENTISTS at Pennsylvania State University were asked by a group of power companies to help them outwit a bird, they thought the job would be easy. They changed their minds, however, when they saw their feathered opponent, a pileated woodpecker, attack a power pole and rip out a hole three inches deep, nine inches wide and a foot long. Then they saw him go to work on heavy metal mesh wrapped around a pole and cut right through it.

This flying power drill might well be called nature's most baffling bird. Whether he is a giant pileated woodpecker with a wing spread of up to 30 inches, or a downy woodpecker weighing less than an ounce, he is a member of a family (some 60 different kinds in the U. S.) that makes a business of performing seemingly impossible feats.

How a woodpecker can violently slam his head against solid wood hundreds of times a minute without knocking his brains out, or at least getting punch-drunk, still remains a mystery.

Scientists think the secret may be in the structure of the woodpecker's skull, which is constructed with a set of tiny cross braces. Perhaps these give the skull more flexibility.

The woodpecker's motive in drilling holes is clear enough. Since the favorite food of many kinds of woodpeckers is located inside the trunks of trees, he must cut holes to get at it.

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But how he knows exactly where, in the fastness of a tree, he will find a borer or other insect victim is another mystery.

It seems certain that he does know. For he can fly up to a tree and with his chisel-like beak inexorably drill through to the exact spot where the borer is hidden.

Observers have noticed that, apparently tiring of the effort of cutting into trees, woodpeckers have discovered that luscious borers can be found in cornstalks. They pass up the stalks with no borers and pick those with worms. And they know exactly where the worms are in a stalk, too.

Some scientists hold to the theory that the bugs make sounds audible to the bird's incredibly keen ears, thereby leading him to his dinner. This feeling is held by those who have had experiences like that of a Pennsylvania man upon whose roof an exceptionally large pileated (crested) woodpecker made daily assaults.

The roof was riddled before the desperate householder thought of an electric clock in an upstairs bedroom, exactly under the spot attacked by the woodpecker. The clock was old and made a peculiar whirring sound. Experimentally, the man disconnected it.

The woodpecker came back, lit on the roof, cocked his head, then flew away without drilling. He came back again the next day, again listened, again flew away, this time never to return.

Such eminent bird authorities as Dr. A. A. Allen of Cornell University are convinced that some unique sense of hearing accounts for the woodpecker's singular conduct, but the exact truth is still a mystery.

The puzzled naturalists who ascribe the woodpecker's bug-finding ability to an acute sense of hearing are hard put to explain how he can maintain such a delicate sense in spite of the deafening noises that must reverberate in his head.

The convenient explanation that his own rat-a-tat-tatting is somehow outside his range of hearing is disproved by the fact that often a woodpecker pounds for the sheer pleasure of hearing his own racket. It is a familiar observation that a woodpecker will pick a favorite spot to which he returns again and again, seemingly because he likes the sound he can make there.

Another uncanny evidence of the woodpecker's craft may happen when he finds beetles more plentiful than his capacity to eat them. He simply drills a hole and stores the beetle therein for a future meal.

This in itself is marvelous enough, but it brings up another mystifying woodpecker puzzle: How the bird knows how to drill exactly the right-sized hole. If he made it too little, he couldn't get the insect in; if he made it too big, the insect would be able to wiggle his way to freedom.

For dramatic evidence that he has some kind of a built-in gauge which enables him to size up the bug and make a hole to fit it exactly, one need only watch a California woodpecker storing a winter's supply of acorns. This he does by chiselling out a neat hole, picking up an acorn, fitting it into the hole, and tamping it into place with his bill. It fits so tightly

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that other creatures are unable to pry it loose. Naturalists have found a single tree studded with as many as 50,000 acorns.

The woodpecker's ability to remain steady and not shiver and shake like a jackhammer operator is accounted for by his unique tail, which works like a lineman's spurs.

Next time you see a woodpecker, notice the way his tail stabs against the tree trunk. It takes the bird's full weight, enabling him to apply all his muscular strength to the task of getting at the insects in the tree.

To make sure that his tail doesn't slip, nature has added a further refinement in the form of pointed quill endings which hold to the bark—not enough to prevent a quick flight, but enough to keep him steady at a job that should make him shake violently.

For the power industry, the multi-million-dollar question is how the woodpecker can be kept from employing his remarkable capabilities on poles that cost $500 apiece. So far, the biologists at Penn State have failed in their unique mission.

"Scare them away," was the first thought of the power companies when they tackled the job. They tried rigging up whirling metal flashers and floating streamers of red flannel, while biologists added to this by painting the poles various colors. But neither color nor motion kept the woodpeckers away. They tried spiralling green garden hose up the poles like snakes, but the disdainful woodpeckers used them as perches.

The frustrated scientists can only hope that the experience of ornithologist Dr. Southgate Hoyt of Cornell is not symbolic of their battle with the woodpecker. The keeper of the only pileated woodpecker in captivity, Dr. Hoyt had seen the bird cut its way out of one cage after another. But he was unprepared for what happened when the woodpecker was out one day, sitting on his shoulder, and suddenly pecked him behind the ear. The blow knocked Dr. Hoyt unconscious!

It is not incredible that a bird could knock out a man 150 times its own weight when that bird is the "impossible" woodpecker.

Change a Letter

(Answers to quiz on page 69)

1. black; blank; bland. 2. quill; quilt; quiet. 3. ample; apple; apply. 4. plaid; plain; plait. 5. gross; grass; grasp. 6. least; leash; lease. 7. bribe; bride; brine. 8. alloy; allay; alley. 9. pride; price; prick. 10. farce; force; forge. 11. motel; model; yodel. 12. adobe; adore; adorn. 13. canny; candy; dandy. 14. plank; plane; plate. 15. cases; cares; mares. 16. state; stare; snare. 17. topic; tonic; tunic. 18. storm; story; stork. 19. horde; horse; house. 20. parse; purse; pulse. 21. levee; lever; lover. 22. crime; chime; chide. 23. chose; chore; chord. 24. cease; chase; chasm. 25. dream; dread; tread. 26. elect; erect; eject. 27. wager; water; wafer. 28. scald; scale; stale.

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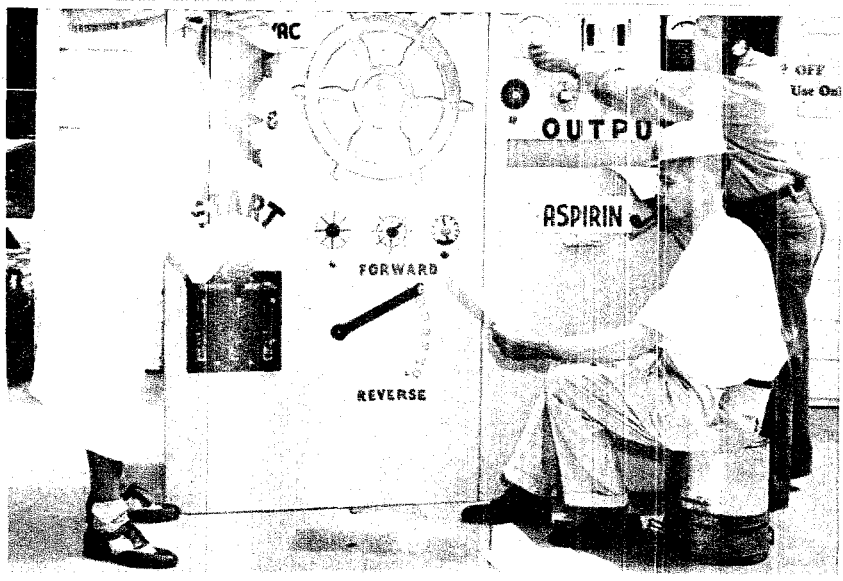

Boneheads' pride: a Rube Goldberg "brain" to whittle down boring public speeches.

The Merry Boneheads of Dallas

by SETH KANTOR

Once every seven days some of Texas' prime citizens work overtime to make fools of themselves—and tickle the town

NOT LONG AGO, a club composed of important citizens in Dallas, Texas, decided to stage a flower show to raise money for a worthy charity. Invitations were sent to prominent garden enthusiasts and there was a large turnout.

The show was a huge success, despite the fact that it was held at the Dallas City Dump, and its floral patterns consisted of poison sumac and garlic. The club members forgot what charity it was they were going to help, and resolved the problem by not helping any.

Nowhere in America is there a more useless group than the Bonehead Club of Dallas, composed of 57 members. Ordinarily they are responsible men: merchants, doctors, bankers, oilmen, lawyers; but they go delightfully irresponsible at Fri-

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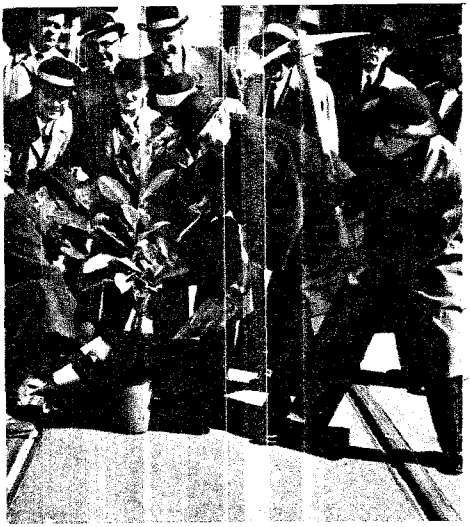

Boneheads plant tree at intersection.

day luncheons and whenever else they get together.

Their most logical function seems to be an annual Christmas party, where they have a big tree, lots of presents and a Santa Claus. The party is held in July.

When a musical comedy came to town recently, they all attended the opening, wearing nightshirts. It was "Pajama Game." To celebrate Arbor Day, they planted a tree—in the middle of Main Street.

George Bushong was just another businessman until he won the coveted Bonehead University Honorary Degree, which has been awarded to many distinguished men. Bushong earned his for building a 14-foot motor boat in the attic of his house, then having to remove the floor and an entire wall to get it out.

They even made him a member of the Club and last year he was elected Chief Bonehead. He arrived at his inaugural luncheon with an enormous seven-foot-square monstrosity which he called "The Bushong Think Machine." While the club watched, Bushong fed a small dictionary into the machine's intake hopper, then pushed a button. Lights flashed, bells rang, the machine hiccoughed. And out of the other end came a long piece of printed paper.

"My inaugural address," Bushong explained happily.

The members will often go to considerable expense for a moment of fun like that. A few years ago, they laid out $1,250 to buy a male camel in California. They brought him to the Marsalis Park Zoo in Dallas to marry "Josephine," a female camel who, to them, looked very lonely.

A complete wedding ceremony was conducted by a justice of the peace, with nuptial music supplied by the Boneheads' eight-piece Sympathy Orchestra. *"Oh, Promise Me"* was played on a one-string violin.

J. Howard Payne, retired Dallas Postmaster, says that the Bonehead Club began when: "Six of us got together in 1919 and decided the world was full of trouble; and, worse yet, full of luncheon clubs that sat around with long faces and talked about all the trouble. We decided to form a club that would be a pleasant relief, a small oasis in the midst of everybody's troubles. The sole aim would be to learn less and less about more and more.

"Within a month after the Boneheads were formed, businessmen all over Dallas were clamoring for membership. It was finally decided to limit the Club to 57 men."

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"Why 57?" Mr. Payne was asked.

"Does old man Heinz tell his secrets? He just has 57," Mr. Payne answered indignantly, balancing a tennis ball on his head.

The present membership includes colorful R. L. Thornton, Sr., mayor of Dallas; D. Harold Byrd, wealthy oil producer; Gordon McLendon, radio station executive; Ray Morrison, who made Southern Methodist University's football teams famous for their passing attack.

No one can tell what the Boneheads will do next. Guest speakers are invited to their weekly luncheons and invariably given a glass of water, a plateful of peas and a knife with a groove in it for eating them. Meanwhile members feast on a substantial meal. When the guest is at last introduced and starts to talk, the members rise and walk out.

This bit of frustrating hospitality backfired when a Texas sheriff was the guest. He had been forewarned.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed," he said, as he got up to speak. And as the Boneheads started to walk out, his deputies appeared at the door holding six-guns.

The sheriff talked for two hours on the price fluctuations of cotton since 1900, with the Boneheads listening attentively.

The late operatic star, Grace Moore, was led to believe they were a group of classical music lovers when she accepted their luncheon invitation. They completely ignored her, except for a single remark by John Rosenfield, Dallas drama critic and an old Bonehead, who looked at Miss Moore and asked: "Haven't I heard that face before?"

When it was finally announced that the group was honored by the presence of the most lovely and outstanding singing talent in the world, the Boneheads became serious. They applauded vigorously, and as Miss Moore cleared her throat to sing—three barefooted women came in shrieking a hillbilly tune.

Miss Moore confided to the Bonehead on her right, who pretended he was deaf that she had never had such a wonderful time at a luncheon in her honor. The next day, she received a huge bouquet of roses from the Boneheads. It was the only recognition they gave her.

Summing up the misdirected energy that goes into the Bonehead Club, Dallas' Mayor Thornton says: "I guess we all give a good share to charity and to serious work. So why should we have just another club full of charity and seriousness? All we want is a chance to make fools of ourselves once a week. There ought to be more of that going on in the world."

Boneheads preside at camel wedding.

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The Uncommonly

by CALVIN KYTLE

The man who has revolutionized child-rearing methods and relieved the fears of millions of mothers sums up his basic prescription: "Have fun with your children."

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK is probably the most frequently consulted authority in America today, bar none. At last count his *Book of Baby and Child Care*—sometimes known as the "Gospel according to Spock"—has been the nursery companion to more than 8,000,000 American mothers. New and prospective parents have been buying the 35-cent paper-back edition at the rate of nearly 1,000,000 copies a year.

Since last October, moreover, the personality that came through so engagingly in print has been confirmed and amplified by TV. His informal talks with mothers, on subjects they choose, are a Sunday afternoon feature on 52 NBC stations.

All told, it is reliably estimated that nowadays one out of every four American babies is being brought up by Spock-doting parents. His unrestrained admirers say that he has already been of greater influence on the future than Einstein.

Spock himself is always worried by such extreme statements, as he is by almost any effort which tends to set him up as *the* authority.

"Too many parents think it's only professional people who know the answers about everyday management of children," he says. "I want the mothers who look at us to identify themselves with the mothers on the show. I want them to understand that there can be a lot of different and satisfactory ways of dealing with the same problems, to understand that parents find their own solutions."

The TV program, sponsored by one of the largest manufacturers of baby food products, is strictly extracurricular with Spock. Full-time, he is professor of child development at Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

His office at the medical center is in an old white frame house distinguished by a sign on the porch reading "Child Therapy." He works in a room as neat, plain and nonclinical as he is. Near his desk stands an old-style floor lamp with a dime-store shade, a kitchen table holding a telephone and several tidy stacks of papers. There are no pic-

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Sensible Dr. Spock

Raised in a family of six children, Dr. Spock loves youngsters—and they love him.

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tures of babies, his or anybody else's.

Spock, at 53, is not quite old enough to look the part of the reassuring elder that so many young parents have cast him in. He dresses his trim, six-foot-four-inch frame conservatively. His graying hair is short, and thinning; his eyes bright and friendly behind dark-rimmed glasses.

He talks earnestly, yet in a tone of quiet good humor, smiling and occasionally breaking into a guffaw, like a man dedicated to his work but refusing to take himself too seriously. He emphasizes his points with a movement of his remarkably mobile brow, a sweep of his large hands, a shrug of his enormous shoulders.

"I wrote my book at a time when pediatrics generally was still bound by the doctrine of extreme regularity," he explains. "All the way through the book I was consciously pleading against things like too rigid feeding and too forceful toilet training. Now I find that some uncertain parents are interpreting me as an advocate of extreme permissiveness. So in the revisions I'm making in the book, I'm having to emphasize the limits of permissiveness.

"Actually, it's the spirit that counts. Strict discipline's no good when it's merely a way for the parent to work out his own harshness. Neither is permissiveness when it's only a reflection of the parent's uncertainty. But when administered with love and good sense, both methods can produce nice people."

Spock's own parents belonged to the strict-but-loving school. His father was a conservative, well-to-do New Haven lawyer; his mother a forceful, independent New Englander who took her responsibilities to heart.

"I was the oldest of six children," Spock says, grinning as at some private recollection. "Mother gave herself completely to us. Wouldn't have a nurse and allowed herself no frivolities. She waited until the last of us was in his teens before she took up bridge. She was afraid it might take her away from her duties.

"It was sometimes my job to feed bottles and change diapers. Like the first child in any big family, I loved playing parent. I grew up taking it for granted that kids were very important."

Young Spock attended a country day school in New Haven, then prep school at Andover. He was a long-legged gangling adolescent whose quick growth made him self-conscious. But self-confidence came when he made the track team. At Yale he was something of a campus hero—a member of Scroll and Key and an oarsman on the crew that swept the 1924 Olympics.

For several summers he had been a counsellor at a camp maintained by the Newington Crippled Children's Home. Impressed by the work of the orthopedic surgeons on the staff, he decided to take some pre-med courses, "just in case." He entered Yale Medical School still wondering if he were not better suited for architecture.

Two years later he married Jane Cheney of the famous silk family and transferred to Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was graduated, at the top of his

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class, in 1929. Completing his medical internship in 1931, Dr. Spock became a resident in pediatrics at the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital. There he became increasingly aware of the need to understand children's emotional problems. That led to a residency in psychiatry at New York Hospital.

In 1933, he began private practice in Manhattan. For two years, he barely paid the rent.

"My first years of practice were complicated by my psychiatric training," he admits. "My head was full of theoretical causes and almost empty of practical advice.

"My psychiatric training, for example, taught me that a child's resentment could often be traced back to his having been weaned too early or toilet-trained too drastically. But it hadn't taught me what was the right age or the right method. I had to learn that for myself.

"It was six to eight years before I knew enough so that I could relax. And, like a new mother, I had to relax before I could do my job well."

But parents and children had learned to love him long before that. To mothers he seemed refreshingly like the old-fashioned family doctor. To their children he didn't seem like a doctor at all. He never wore a white coat, and usually made visits seem like fun. In time, he achieved a flourishing practice, mainly because he felt it was as important to relieve the mother's anxieties as it was to treat the child.

"Have fun with your children," he told them. "Don't feel guilty. You're doing the best you can. No parent is going to do a perfect job—and it isn't necessary." Most mothers left his office confident that they were doing all right in the world's most important job.

By 1943, Spock figured he was ready to write a book. In his own words he's a "natural do-gooder," and by then he thought he had learned enough to be helpful.

The *Book of Baby and Child Care* occupied him almost every night for the next three years. (Before the book was finished he was a lieutenant commander in the Navy, a psychiatrist in charge of severe disciplinary cases.)

It came out in 1946, a time when parents were younger than ever before, larger in number, and most of them far from home. Bewildered by the conflicting child-care advice they were getting, harried mothers picked up the Spock book and read:

"It may surprise you to hear that the more people have studied different methods of bringing up children, the more they have come to the conclusion that what good mothers and fathers instinctively feel like doing for their babies is usually best after all."

Spock was their man.

TODAY, besides carrying a full teaching load, Dr. Spock spends the equivalent of one day a week preparing for and filming his TV program. He writes a monthly magazine column and works on the revised edition of his famous book, which he hopes to have ready late this year.

On weekends and vacations, he still finds time to go sailing, fishing and swimming with Mrs. Spock and

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John, 11. His older son, Michael, 22, is married and a student at Antioch College.

Spock sometimes refers to mistakes he's made with his own children—an admission that some people find surprising. "That's all right," he explains. "Parents should be reminded that bringing up children is more a matter of feelings than knowledge.

"On this point, I think, if anything, that the kind of academic education we get *un*suits us for parenthood. Instead of learning about life by doing and feeling, students learn special subjects through words. If they don't learn the words, they flunk. Later, when they have babies —without technical training *or* experience—they tremble for fear they'll flunk."

It's this exaggerated respect for intellectual concepts, he believes, that 30 years ago, when behaviorism was in vogue, kept some parents from cuddling their babies; and today, in the name of permissiveness, is causing others to cuddle them all evening when they should be asleep.

Fortunately, the excesses of theory have always been modified by three stabilizing currents, Spock feels.

"The first is love," he says. "Good parental love will take care of nine-tenths of the problems. I don't mean love in the sense of undiluted adoration, but the kind that includes control, that can say both yes and no.

"The second is the child's own natural desire to conform. Until this century, the dominant theory was that the child was a barbarian who had to be forced to become civilized. Children, however, paid very little attention to this theory. They just kept right on trying to be grown-up anyway.

"And third, no matter how much theory they may profess, in the dozens of minor crises every day parents find themselves dealing with their children the way *they* were dealt with as children.

"This is a difficult century. Essentially, the job parents have on their hands is to develop stable individuals in an unstable world—to prepare children emotionally for the demands of a free and increasingly complicated society. Although I suppose the bring-'em-up-rough-for-a-rough-world school still finds it hard to believe, it was the men who'd lived in loving, stable families who made the best sailors and soldiers during the war."

He smiles. "We're in for a period of consolidation, I hope. We're beginning to settle down now and fit together the best of all our theories and experiences. At least most of us seem to have found there's a happy medium between adapting to the baby's individual needs and to maintaining a sensible control over him.

"Psychological theory and experience both teach that it's impossible to write something that means the same thing to everybody. But I go on thinking, *'This* time I'm going to say it so that everybody will understand.' "

THE HANDWRITING on the wall usually means a redecorating job. —DAVID O. FLYNN

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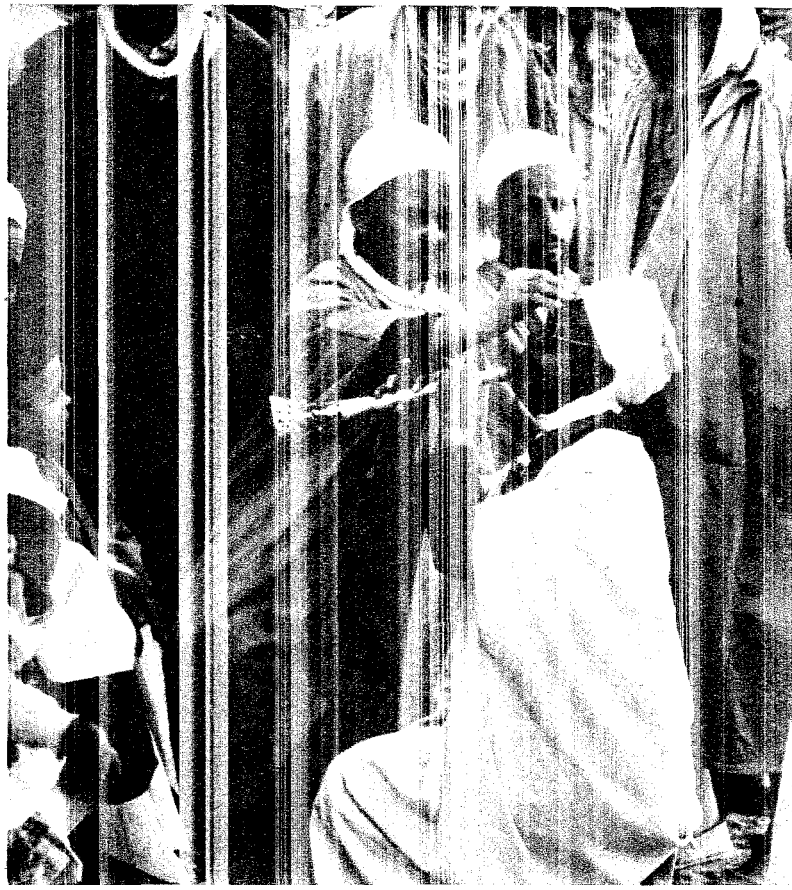

Guest rewards a musician by plastering a silver coin on his forehead.

Moslem Wedding

The bride is a phantom—she's never seen; the groom a sphinx—he must not talk. That is the strange custom of the Mozabites, a fierce Berber tribe living in the Sahara 250 miles south of Algiers, in North Africa. But wild is the revelry among the guests, who have gathered for the colorful ceremony, as the pictures on the following pages show.

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Wearing modern sport jacket and age-old headdress, a rifle-toting tribesman roars at the top of his lungs. The louder he bellows, the more he is respected.

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Some grinning, others solemn, guests continue to arrive on donkeyback for the four-day nuptial festivities at Ghardaja, their isolated capital in the valley of the Mzab. They mix with neither Christians nor other Mohammedans, who hate them because of their schismatic religious practices. Once their main industry was war. Now they are merchants, but still tough enough to keep all intruders out, so that their villages remain veritable little empires.

The strong in heart can roar like a lion . . .

The 19-year-old bridegroom, Ali Ben Mohammed (wearing a taboosh with silver trim over his right ear) is led to a holy place outside the village, where he will pray at the tomb of his ancestors. Escorting him are close relatives and friends—one of whom leads the parade with an ancient blunderbuss on his shoulder. Apparently the weapon has been damaged. It has a bandage on the barrel to keep it from blowing up when fired with a charge of black powder.

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Forbidden to join in the merriment, women watch from the walls as men roister below.

Rifles crackle . . . men shout . . . the wedding is

TO THE MOZABITES, a woman is merely a chattel or an instrument of man's pleasure. So among the veiled women, standing on the wall *(at right)*, may be Ali's bride. He never saw her until after the ceremony. She was his 12-year-old cousin, chosen by his father, Brahim, a wealthy merchant. Ali's wedding role was almost as passive as that of his wife. Not only was he forbidden to speak, but custom dictated that he be given only enough food to keep him alive. His guests, however, gorged themselves mightily. Actually, the purpose of the

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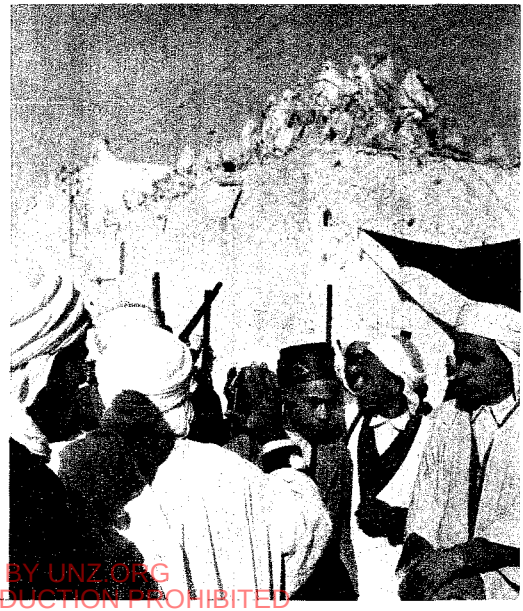
Village gallows is in background.

They load their guns with camel dung and black powder—and fire wild salutes.

While a tribesman holds the Koran, Ali *(in dark scarf)* is led to nuptial scene.



the wall watched silently

wedding was not to show off the bride or groom, but for the father to show off his wealth. As a pious Mozabite, he is forbidden any other sort of ostentation. Thus, by tossing around his bank roll, Brahim tossed off some inhibitions. For him, it was a once-in-a-lifetime splurge.

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Against a backdrop of oriental rugs, the groom sits at the end of the wedding hall. The

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evening consecration is in progress.

They ate 20,000 meals . . .

DURING the four days of singing, shouting and shooting, an endless stream of guests poured into the wedding hall. They came from six other Mozabite villages nearby, and brought their appetites with them. They ate 20,000 meals (with their right hands—a Moslem never eats with his left) and emitted an infinity of burps (a Moslem always burps to thank his host) and heaped praise on the father, and sometimes his son.

A special honor guard, chosen by the father, took the groom to his future home, where he was dressed in his nuptial finery. This consisted of a head scarf with golden galloons and a flowing robe of rich material. The ritual has remained unchanged since the 13th century when the Mozabites emigrated from the North.

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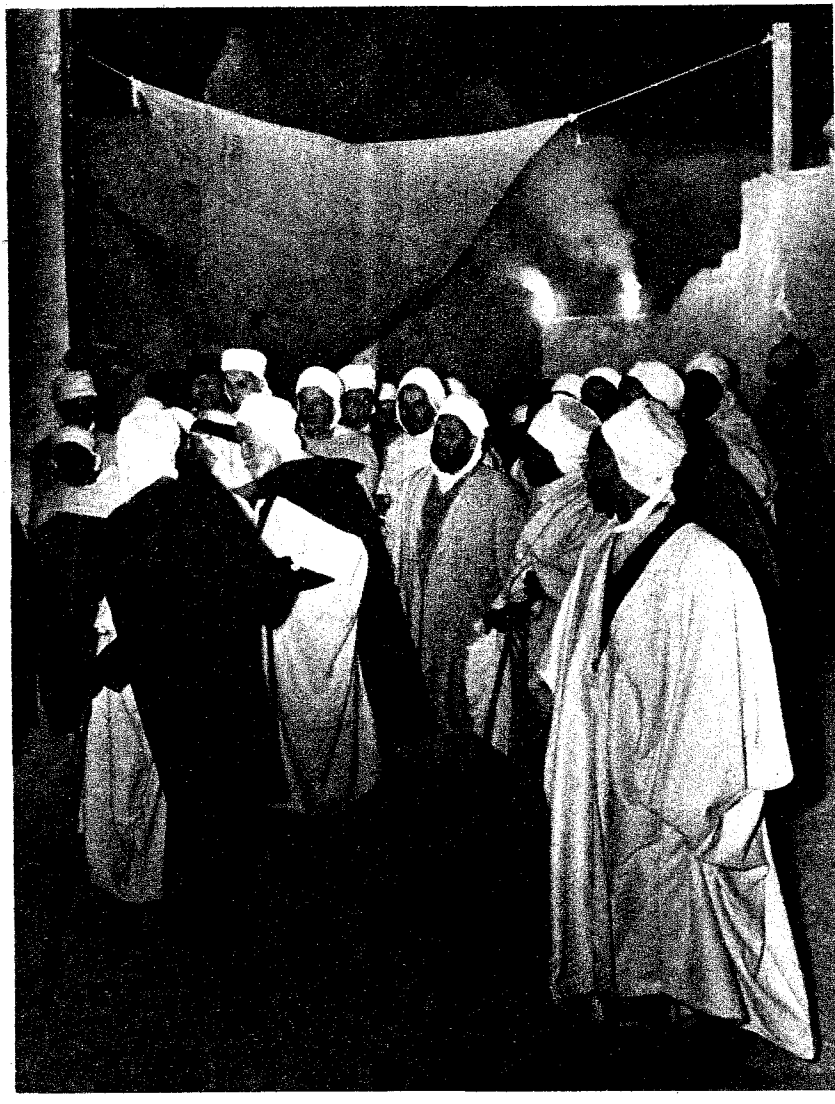

Ghostlike, the women still stand on the wall as the groom strolls off with friends. The marriage itself was a mere formality. Ali's father and the bride's father signed a brief contract. But like friends everywhere, Ali's pals offer practical advice: "Don't beat your wife for pastime—beat her only if she deserves it." And, "A cudgel always makes a strong right arm stronger." The bride may have something to say about that. The Berbers are a rugged tribe.

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FRANK CLEMENT: Tennessee's Political Evangelist

by FLORA SCHREIBER

Handsome, vigorous, at 36 a two-time governor, he has emerged as the Democrats' newest glamor boy

ANYONE WHO ATTENDED a Democratic political rally during the past two gubernatorial campaigns in Tennessee will tell you that the high spot of the evening came when a tall young man with dark, wavy hair and a handsome, sensitive face suddenly stopped striding back and forth across the speaker's platform, whirled, faced his audience and in a hushed voice began to pray, "May the good Lord bless you and keep you, and make His light to shine upon you until we meet again."

When the prayer ended, the audience broke into a spontaneous cheer and a sound truck outside the hall filled the street with the strains of the hymn, *Precious Lord, Take My Hand.* The young man hurried down the aisle and jumped into a waiting Cadillac which whisked him off into the night as its radio blared gospel songs.

This is a picture of Frank Goad Clement in action. Now serving his

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Clement strolls with pretty wife, Lucille.

second term as governor of Tennessee, the 36-year-old ex-FBI agent and lay preacher has combined personal religious fervor with astute politics to win two smashing victories as a candidate for governor, and has become in the four years since he was first elected to office in 1952—his first political campaign—one of the brightest stars on the Democratic horizon.

Adlai Stevenson has referred to him as "one of those wonderful young men who is reinvigorating the Democratic Party." House Speaker Sam Rayburn has called him a "bright boy." He has been summoned to several important party conferences and he is being mentioned with increasing regularity as a vice-presidential candidate, for he has a common touch.

Confers with possible running mate.

Many Democrats see Clement as the perfect answer to the Republicans' Richard Nixon. His pretty wife and three young sons match the Nixon family in photo and television appearance. Like Nixon, Clement is young, vigorous and personally attractive. He is considered a better speaker than Nixon. And when it comes to Nixon's forte—hard campaigning—Clement gives little, if any, ground. A cyclonic campaigner, the Tennessee governor, during the 60 days of the 1954 campaign in which he was elected for a four-year term, winning a record 481,000 out of 706,000 votes, travelled 52,000 miles by plane and automobile and delivered as many as six one-hour speeches a day.

In Clement's favor, too, is the fact that he can point to some solid accomplishments as governor. During his first campaign he promised to close down Tennessee gambling houses. No one thought he meant it until, after repeated warnings, he sent the Tennessee Highway Patrol swooping down on notorious honky-tonks. They slapped padlocks on

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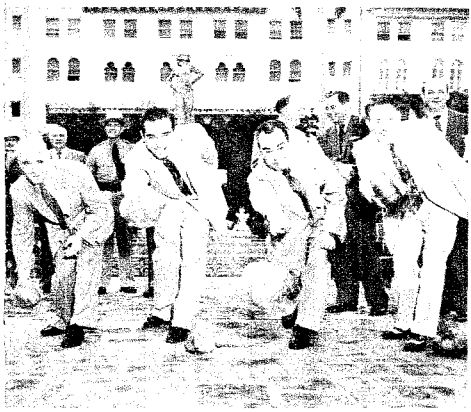

Bowls coconuts with other governors.

Snatches moments with wife and sons.

them, seized their gambling devices and arrested incredulous operators and customers.

Clement has sponsored a close to $23,000,000 increase in teacher salaries, and put the teachers' retirement law on a sound basis. Clement has also been responsible for the state's first safety law dealing with open-pit mining, for speedier payment of unemployment checks, and for raising unemployment compensation from $22 to $30 a week.

The country as a whole has yet to be exposed to the dazzling spectacle of Clement's personality. But the people of Tennessee, who have gotten the full treatment in two elections, can tell you that their state has seen few men like him.

Clement does everything with great intensity and a boyish enthusiasm. When some reporters at a recent news conference remarked to Clement that he seemed to be putting on a little weight, he immediately threw off his coat, dropped to the floor and began doing push-ups. When he meets people he holds out his hand, smiles and says, "I'm Governor Clement, call me Frank."

There is a sign on the governor's office door that says, "Welcome. This Office Belongs to the People." Tennesseans take it literally. On Monday afternoons, the time set aside for them, they flock to the capitol building to discuss their problems with the governor in person. And the governor's mansion is open to the public. Within 18 months some 72,000 people visited it, many of them getting a chance to talk not only with the governor, but with his wife, Lucille. Introducing her to visitors, Clement says, "This is Cile. I want you to know Cile. Once you know her, you will like me better!"

On Sundays, the governor can often be found preaching the gospel in some country church. A good friend of evangelist Billy Graham,

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Clement was once rumored ready to resign the governorship and join Graham's traveling revival group. Sometimes he is criticized for relying so much on the Bible for his speeches. He answers by saying, "If you can't mix your religion and your politics, there's something wrong with your politics."

Actually, the record points to the fact that Clement's religious fervor is sincere. Back in his home town of Dickson, Tennessee, 40 miles west of Nashville, he was an earnest church worker even as a small boy. At the age of eight, without prompting by his parents, he decided to join the Methodist Church. He preached his first sermon when he was 15; and has been preaching ever since.

In his church work Clement, grandson of a state senator and son of a lawyer, developed two interests which were to prove vital in his rapid political rise—public speaking and people. He learned the tricks of orating from his aunt, Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems, who ran the Shipp School of Expression in Dickson.

Today, there are few things Clement would rather do than talk from a platform. As he puts it, "Where two or three people are gathered, I am always ready to make a speech. Where two or three thousand are assembled I am even more delighted to have the privilege of saying a few words."

CLEMENT has been long at the business of winning friends and influencing people. As a boy in Dickson he often went along the streets shaking hands with passers-by and saying, "Hello, I'm Frank Clement. What's your name?" Walking with Lucille during their courtship he would trot up to the front porches of houses, shake hands with the old folks sitting there and have a friendly chat with them.

After two years at Cumberland University, Clement entered Vanderbilt University in 1940 to study law. That same year he and Lucille ran away to Kentucky in a borrowed car and were secretly married. The young couple lived in a housing project near Nashville while Frank studied and did such odd jobs as putting up poles for the telephone company to help pay the bills. But it was Lucille who supported the Clement family, first as a clerk in the state legislature and later as a receptionist at radio station WLAC in Nashville.

Impatient to get on with the business of living, Clement decided to take his bar exams a year early and start practicing while still in school. Although he was the youngest candidate, he walked away with the top score in the tests. Graduating a year later, he applied for a job with the FBI and became the youngest agent in its service. He resigned in 1943 to join the army as a private, eventually working his way up to the rank of lieutenant.

Out of the army at the age of 26, Clement plunged immediately into community activities and eventually became the state chairman of the Young Democrats of Tennessee. In this capacity he campaigned for Jim McCord as governor, and proved so effective that when McCord was elected he rewarded Clement for his effort by making him, at the age of

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26, the chief counsel of the Tennessee Railroad and Public Utilities Commission.

If Clement had been outstanding before, he now verged on the spectacular. Taking up a fight that older and far more experienced lawyers regarded as hopeless, Clement set out to block the telephone company from getting an unauthorized increase in rates. By finding an obscure statute, he succeeded—and saved the people of Tennessee more than $6,500,000.

Clement's exploits on the Commission brought him to the attention of the public and won him some smart, influential and rich backing for the governorship. A recall to the service during the Korean War slowed him up a little, but by the time election year, 1952, came, he was rolling. When people said that Clement, at 31, was too young for the governorship, he told them, "If that is the only fault you can find with me, you had better vote for me. I can outgrow my youth; but my opponents can't outgrow their faults."

With talk like that; his father handing out petitions and buttonholing voters; his wife wearing maternity clothes as she tacked up posters (she was expecting James Gary, now age three); and the boys Robert, now twelve, and Frank, Jr., now six, wearing T-shirts reading "Vote for my Daddy," Clement became Governor of Tennessee.

Frank Clement's next target date is 1959 when he finishes his second term and will be ineligible to succeed himself. At that time, if he has not already gone to Washington as a Democratic Vice President, there is talk that he may challenge Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore for the party's senatorial nomination. After that, Clement's next step could be toward the White House.

Meanwhile, Clement is saying nice things about Adlai Stevenson ("the greatest leader ever denied —temporarily that is—the presidency"); and recently made a good national impression with his stand against a group of pro-segregationists who stormed his office demanding that he call a special session of the legislature to pass laws to negate the decision of the Supreme Court. Clement turned them down, denounced them for their behavior and told them that he intended to stick with his state's plan for gradual desegregation.

His stand was scarcely what might have been expected of a Southern governor in the traditional sense. But then again, Frank Clement, his eyes fixed on the national scene, could hardly be said to fall into the traditional mold. He is different. There is little doubt about that.

On Account of Because

"WHAT IS YOUR name, sir?" the bank teller asked politely.
"Don't you see my signature?" snapped the indignant patron.
"Yes, sir. That's what aroused my curiosity." —*Capper's Weekly*

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Churches on Wheels

by JANETTE HARRINGTON

LONELY PEOPLE all over the country are receiving unexpected visits from men of God these days, thanks to a new look in religious ministry. It results from a realization on the part of various churches of the need to keep up with rapid changes in American life.

Families who live too far away from the church-on-the-corner for regular attendance, or in new situations where normal religious ties have not yet been formed, are finding that the shadow of the steeple reaches a lot farther than they thought.

An elderly couple in the short-grass country of Montana, for instance, was astonished to see a small plane land in a nearby field. From the minister-pilot they gratefully received their first communion since leaving Norway many years before.

The young wife of a Navy man was living in cramped quarters in a Newport, Rhode Island, trailer camp. Her husband was on destroyer duty and she was desperately homesick when a silver-gray trailer marked "Westminster Chapel" arrived. After that she was too busy helping with a story hour for children, two mornings a week, to be lonely.

In a tiny mining town on a spur of the Alcan Highway in Alaska, the handful of inhabitants turned a wary eye on a neat green station wagon labeled "Presbyterian Mobile Ministry" when it rolled into town.

"We haven't had a preacher here for 30 years," remarked one old-timer. "Don't know as we can get used to it now."

The churches' new accent on mobility matches the accelerated movement of the American people themselves. At the last count, about one-fifth of all the people in the United States had changed homes in the previous 12 months. And churches of many denominations, or church groups brought together through the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., are learning to follow along after.

In Florida, a young minister uses a station wagon to bring outlying communities regular weekly worship services. He carries in his church on wheels, folding chairs, hymn books, a small organ and whatever else he may need for services. A former missionary in Utah set up what he called "Geiger counter schools" of religious training for children of families who had left home to join the uranium hunt.

The Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., for example, has around 70

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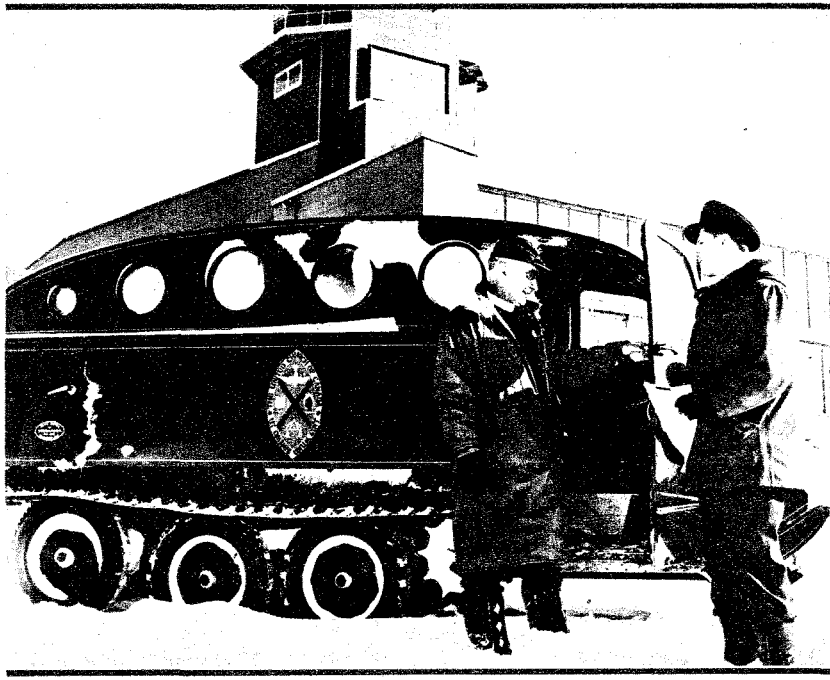
By trailer, plane, station wagon, motorboat, even "snowmobile," the Church is bringing the gospel to lonely believers in remote settlements all over the country

missionaries ministering to people who live beyond the bounds of the ordinary church. Just how indefatigable these roving emissaries are, can be illustrated by the case of a ranch family in the Southwest. The man of the house answered a knock one day to find at the door a minister who had driven miles over back roads to make a simple drop-in call.

"How did you ever get here?" the ranchman asked. "We thought we were too far away for the law or the church to ever find us."

In a program sponsored by the Newport, Rhode Island, Council of Churches in cooperation with the U.S. Navy, the "Westminster



Reverend L. L. Burry (left) uses "snowmobile" to penetrate Canadian wilderness.

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Until recently, plane carried Rev. Frank Reed to lumber camps in Adirondacks.

Chapel," now on jacks in the Melville Trailer Camp, carries on a lively schedule of activities for all ages. Miss Joyce Miller, attractive blonde worker in charge, estimates that of the 654 adults and 460 children and young people in the trailer camp, the majority have been on the move since the children were babies.

Miss Miller gives primary attention to programs that will draw youngsters away from crowded quarters, and pre-schoolers flock to the trailer chapel for morning and afternoon hours of playtime and worship. Teen-agers and adult groups fit their schedule into other hours of the day.

"What would we have done if you hadn't come out here?" is the comment most often made to Miss Miller in her rounds of calls at trailer homes.

The Rev. Harold Heckman, when he was pastor of the Congregational Church of Broadus, Montana, took to the air to cope with Powder River County's 3,285 square miles. Over three-quarters of its 2,693 people live mostly on ranch holdings averaging 3,380 acres apiece.

The blue and gold Piper Cub supplied by his denomination's Board of Home Missions made it possible for Rev. Heckman to keep up a regular preaching schedule, weather permitting, at six outlying rural points besides the church at Broadus. At one special service for 4-H clubbers, he discovered a teen-ager who had never been to a church before.

THE non-denominational Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society carries on a unique kind of roving ministry by means of a sturdy 72-foot motor vessel, the *Sunbeam III*, which works along the coast wherever people live in isolation.

With a minister as skipper, the *Sunbeam* carries on a staggering amount of pastoral work as well as delivering clothing, food and furniture to far-out dots of land, towing fishermen to safety when their boats run into trouble, carrying sick people to hospitals. But the most important cargo it carries is a spiritual lift for people who otherwise might never open a Bible or sing a hymn.

Distinction of covering the longest route in a ministry on wheels probably goes to the Rev. Edward W. Diehl, chaplain along the Alcan Highway. Even in 60-below weather, Rev. Diehl and his attractive wife patrol long stretches of wilderness to carry the gospel to the tiny settlements which dot the highway at infrequent intervals.

One Yuletide parish call to a native village took the Diehls 111 miles over the highway south of their

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headquarters at Tok Junction, then 45 miles over rough trail and frozen rivers. The last six miles were covered on foot in the darkness over mountain and tundra. At the end of the trail they received a wondering welcome from a woman mourning the recent loss of a daughter.

"You are the first churchman who's ever come here," she said.

Last year, more than 1,000 persons came from miles around to take part in the sixteenth annual Cowboy Camp Meeting near Hobbs, New Mexico. For a week they slept under the open sky and met together for preaching and praying. A feature of the meeting was the Prayer Tree, where ranchmen gathered—no ministers allowed—to offer their humbly worded petitions to God.

"A fellow has to get enough religion up here to last him all year," the Hobbs paper quoted one grizzled rancher as saying. "And when I chase those mean cows through the hills for awhile, I realize it takes a lot of religion to do me."

Similar camp meetings are held in Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado and Arizona.

One of the sturdiest of all the mobile church programs is the ministry to migrants carried on by the Homes Missions Division of the National Council of Churches, in cooperation with state and local councils of churches. Its target is the agricultural migrants who pick beans, beets, cotton, apples, cherries and other crops.

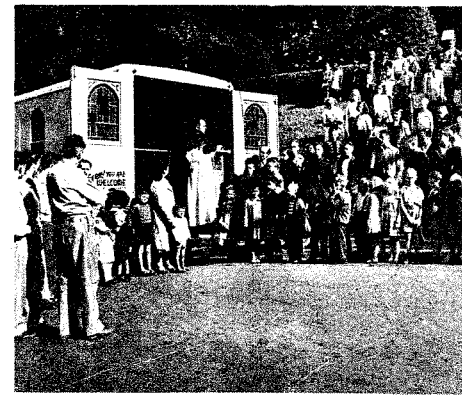
Jamaica-born Rev. Isaac Henderson, for example, follows the sun up and down the East Coast on the heels of workers from as many as ten different southeastern states. Once established, he drives his station wagon—appropriately called the "Harvester"—from one to another of the migrant camps in a neighborhood. Out of the "Harvester" come toys, a carpentry bench, softballs, bats and mitts, rhythm instruments, a small organ, hymn books.

What makes the station wagon especially appealing to children who have no real home of their own is the preacher-man's ability to conjure up a sink with running water out of orange crates and a length of hose.

"We seen you way out yonder across the fields and we started a 'jumpin'," was one child's greeting.

A resident of southeastern Ohio who saw a fast job of church mobilization when work began on a new uranium processing plant near Waverly, remarked, "I never knew the church could shift gears so fast."

The construction workers lived in trailers or any available space, swamped the grocery stores, and



In Waynesville, N. C., Father Patrick Walsh preaches from chapel-on-wheels.

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strained community services. To take care of their religious needs, 16 denominations, coordinated through the Ohio Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches, promptly deployed trained people to set up programs over and above what existing churches were prepared to supply. Some held services in trailers; one took over an old barn; one bought a house; and one, with a masterly display of ingenuity, borrowed a roadside tavern called "The Jolly Spot" for Sunday morning worship.

The Ohio experience remains a classic example of today's mobility in church life. The new look it reflects does more than bring the mechanics of church worship to the door; it nudges awake dormant appreciation of the role of religion in life for many people who have almost forgotten what church contacts are like.

When the small daughter of a trailer park couple became seriously ill, a nearby mission worker went with them to the hospital and helped them to pray through the long hours of suspense. "It's been years," the mother said later, "since we've been around anybody who encouraged us to pray."

Many men and women are experiencing a reawakened dependence on God, thanks to the work of these new types of church emissaries. As a little old lady wrote to the Maine Sea Coast mission: "I never felt so close to God as I do since you came."

Sign Posts

OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE of Nantucket a house has been converted into a store. At the roadside the proprietor has posted this: "We Buy Trash And Sell Antiques." —*The Montrealer*

SEEN in a bake shop in Cincinnati, Ohio, "Shortcake—Take It Home And Berry It."

A STORE selling fireplace accessories in Glendale, California, has this in its window: "Everything Your Little Hearth Desires." —DAVID DEUTSCH

ON A ROADSIDE STAND near Corona, California: "Honey From Bee To Thee."

SEEN in a plumbing shop in Los Angeles: "We Stand Behind Every Shower We Install." —ROBERT A. DIEDRICH

SIGN on a laundromat: Let Us Help You Lead A Clean Life. —*General Features Corp.*

SIGN displayed in Huntington, Long Island: Drive Carefully—Grandchildren At Play. —MRS. M. GROSS

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They Called It Justice

by WILL BERNARD

TRIALS OF ANIMALS are no rarity in the history of jurisprudence. Not only cows and pigs but even ants and grasshoppers have been tried for crimes.

Perhaps the strangest case of all was one involving a rooster, tried in 1474 in a court in Basel, Switzerland. The charge was sorcery. The rooster had laid an egg.

While the fowl stood chained in the prisoner's dock with the egg beside him, the prosecutor painted an alarming picture of evil, warning that, should the egg ever hatch, it would yield not a chick but a basilisk—that horrendous serpent whose mere breath was fatal.

Humbly, the lawyer for the defense admitted that his client had laid the egg in question. He pleaded only for mercy—because the rooster couldn't help what he had done.

But the judges, nervously eyeing the egg, quickly handed down their unanimous verdict of guilty.

Without delay the court, followed by the populace, adjourned to a hill outside of town. There a court official read a proclamation of doom, then stepped forward with a lighted faggot.

While all Basel sighed in relief, the hapless rooster and the fearsome egg were burned at the stake.

In 1819, another strange sample of justice occurred. A Russian writer brought out a book that brashly criticized Tsar Alexander I. Tried for criminal libel, the writer was found guilty and given a punishment to fit the crime; he must eat his words, a page at a time.

On a downtown street in Moscow, authorities erected a scaffold. There the imperial provost produced a copy of the offending novel and stripped away the binding. Carefully he trimmed off the margins. Then he took page one, rolled it up like a tortilla and fed it to the unhappy author.

So it went all day long, page after page.

During the first day, the author downed almost half of his book. Then his pace slowed. Altogether, it took him three days to finish it.

He survived the ordeal, but lost his appetite for literature forever.

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BILL HOLDEN: I.Q. at the Box Office

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

Hollywood's hottest leading man blends acting talent with a know-how of double-entry bookkeeping

LAST SPRING A serious-minded young businessman named William Franklin Beedle wrote a letter to a Japanese friend, Takejiro Ohtani, board chairman of a great Nipponese firm. The writer signed it with his legalized nom-de-screen: William Holden.

Holden wrote about his business: motion pictures. As an actor, he emotes in them. As a union member, he fights for them. As an employee of Paramount Pictures, he publicizes them. He is also an investor in and distributor of films.

Though he says he is "first and always" an actor, Holden wrote Ohtani: "There is no set formula for success in the American movie market... but the trend in Hollywood is . . . toward the hand-wrought, individually-produced pictures. Pictures

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should be made in their own national spirit, traditions and color. If each has the universal quality of truth, vivid emotion and direct aesthetic experience, one can expect the film to be successful anywhere in the world."

This is hardly the dialogue to be expected from a personality who has won an Academy Award and is popular enough at the moment to keep busy for the next ten years at a six-figure salary per picture. But the 38-year-old Holden is proud of his devotion to motion pictures. Virtually everything he does is related to them.

If he takes a trip abroad—as he does every year—he makes it a point to find out what product his studio is plugging. He drops in at the local film exchanges to see if he can help boost.

When he sits in for the Screen Actor's Guild negotiations with producers, he buys a few thousand dollars' worth of assorted movie company stocks so that no one across the table can give a false picture of the "shareholder's viewpoint."

Yet Holden is viewed most amiably by management. Y. Frank Freeman, a vice president of Paramount Studios, thinks that he is "one of the outstanding young men in the industry today."

Holden's union has repeatedly elected him to prominent offices. He has set up his own firm to produce motion pictures and films for television. His first picture, "Toward the Unknown," for Warner Brothers' release, stars Holden as a test pilot.

In a poll of Hollywood reporters recently he was designated "the best adjusted and happiest actor around."

Holden gives the impression that he represents all phases of the movie business. This has given him the reward of a highly nervous stomach. He conceals it under an energetic exterior—except when he has to give an emotional portrayal where his inner agony gives him a look of soulful suffering.

The key to Holden's success and popularity is possibly the fact that he does not regard art as a business but business as an art. He has firmly attached his idealism and aesthetics to double-entry ledgers.

"What Holden wants is to see Hollywood become as respected, admired—and financially sound—as himself," says a producer.

Except for vacation jobs with his father and a four-year hitch in the Army, Holden has never been out of movies. His longest stint without acting was a ten-month post-Army period. Since then he has set such records as starring in ten films in two years. Today he gets about $200,000 a picture.

He thinks this may be the result of his first movie, "Golden Boy"—where he got a raise from $50 to $150 a week for being an overnight success in the lead. When he read the reviews, he dashed into the Paramount front office, faced up to Freeman and demanded income commensurate with his success. Freeman turned him down cold.

Holden, baffled, backed out of the door muttering darkly: "All right, all right, you'll pay for this some day!"

Paramount has paid for it, freely

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and gladly. In view of Holden's box-office appeal, they would gladly keep on paying more and more—but Holden is determined to work, not only for a corporation but for himself.

"They'll do the pictures they think will succeed," he says, "and I'll do the ones that *I* think will succeed. I think movies must be free to say anything they please. But they should say it in good taste. Good taste is universal."

If it is pointed out to him that good taste is a rare commodity, Holden is likely to rap the arm of his chair impatiently with his "relaxing glass" of Scotch. "I know it is," he says. "That's the big job of this business—to find men of good taste, artists and businessmen. There are some pictures the business would never be able to do. I want to do those myself."

Holden has proved his point by starring in such pictures as "The Moon Is Blue." This cinematic dido about a girl having an innocent affair with a self-confessed wolf was thought to be so evil by Hollywood that the Production Code seal was denied it. Holden got a lot of publicity and cash out of his role—and the additional pleasure of having the United States Supreme Court deny that anyone had the right to censor such a show.

Holden's devotion to movies is not altogether because he realizes acting is his destiny. His outside deals have included a home helicopter company, a radio transcription firm, a haberdashery, a drugstore, a gold mine and a proposition for seining carp and shipping them to China. All came financial croppers and gave him the idea that he might better stick to what he knew.

As a boy, Holden worked for his father's testing laboratory helping get samples of the chief products—oils, feeds and fertilizers—that the elder Beedle specialized in analyzing.

Holden's father taught his sons—there were two brothers, Robert and Richard—gymnastics and the Beedles were locally famous for their daredevil stunts of tightrope walking, paddling along on their hands on the railing of a bridge or riding motorcycles no-handed—a practice which occasionally cost them cash and contusions. All this physical aplomb gave young Holden what might be called an abrupt set of mannerisms.

NOTHING MUCH impressed him. His attitude toward the world was that eventually it would come round to him—and if it never did, he still had a robust fighting temper that would bring it round. As it happened, he has never had to use his temper much. He keeps it well on the underside of his sense of humor. Fate did his work for him.

He was majoring in chemistry in South Pasadena Junior High when he happened to sing in a local choir. His quavering basso attracted the drama teacher. Holden was given the role of an 80-year-old in a local play.

Perhaps the Holden magnetism got through the brush-beard and make-up. Anyway, a Hollywood talent scout asked him to drop in at Paramount so he could see how he

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When his first request for a raise was turned down cold, he muttered, "You'll pay for this some day!"

looked normally. Holden, not altogether convinced, said he would, after he took an exam.

He showed up a few days later and was offered a test on the strength of—"well, looks and poise," according to his early backers. The test was just enough to give him $50 a week for six months—and a new name, Holden instead of Beedle, the former from a local reporter.

Meanwhile, Holden's test—roaming Hollywood as such reels do—turned up at Columbia. Again, they "liked my looks, I guess," says Holden. "It couldn't have been my experience."

Despite the fact that he could neither box nor act nor play the violin, Holden was given the lead in "Golden Boy"—where he had to simulate convincingly all three talents. Thus he was a leading actor in his first movie.

The picture returned a good profit and he was loaned out in quick succession to Warner Brothers and United Artists. "That was the first time I was discovered," says Holden. Since that time he has been rapturously hailed on at least six occasions as a find.

For nearly 14 years Holden's talents were shuttled between Columbia and Paramount, since the former had bought half his contract. "I suppose Holden is really a crusading businessman in the disguise of an actor," says a fellow thespian.

During that time, he married actress Brenda Marshall. She had been re-christened from her original name of Ardis Ankerson, which Holden assured her was no more horrendous than Bill Beedle. After their wedding in July, 1941, circumstances intervened to such an extent—including location trips, illnesses and operations at about the same time on their appendices—that the honeymoon did not get started for more than two months.

During World War II, Holden held a commission in the Army Air Force but he was used mostly as a master of ceremonies. His brother Robert, a pilot, was killed in action off a carrier. Holden's first son, Wesley, was born in 1943 and his second, Scott, just after the end of the war.

By 1945-6, many Hollywood stars who had seen service had been forgotten by the public. Holden was one of them.

He started grimly back to work at Paramount to be re-discovered. He succeeded so well that within less than eight years Paramount was willing to give him a unique 14-year contract for two pictures a year—allowing him to do any number outside—that guarantees him at least $250,000 a year until 1967.

"In the movie business," says a

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director, "Holden's contract is called security with a built-in tax disposal."

Holden's tension these days comes chiefly from trying to deal with his success. He is likely to deliberate unduly such items as whether or not to install a swimming pool. He did build one. The point was not whether he could afford it but whether it would throw his private life out of kilter.

In this direction Holden has found a couple of outlets for pressure. One is raising orchids, another the collection of rare and weird objects of art from out-of-the-way places. He hoards maps and devours travel magazines.

He now indulges in trips to Europe and the Far East (where he is easily one of the most popular and best-known American actors) in what he calls "a search for authenticity and honesty, to help Hollywood get away from slickness."

He is likely to discuss the propaganda aspects of films with the governor of Hong Kong, then be off to confer with VIPs of India on the topic of Communist infiltration via the movies.

He will probably wind up in Singapore arguing on the question of intermarriage betwen the East and West—on which topic he did a recent film, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing."

The legend is that Holden was so bad as an actor in his first screen test that he would never have been snapped up—if he had not smiled in a bewildered fashion. This so appealed that he got his job—and a long line of what he likes to call "Smilin'-Jim-with-a-toothpick" roles.

Holden rebelled against these contract appearances for years and finally got his desire to be a hard-faced "Frownin' Joe" in such pictures as "Sunset Boulevard" and "Force of Arms." Now he is at the point where he feels competent to be a lover or comedian.

His appeal for movie-goers has been described as earnestness, likeableness, genuineness and a thousand other qualities. Possibly the best definition is that he presents the picture of a man who is determined to make good—and the great American habit of applauding make-gooders is responsible for his steady draw.

Varying his roles, he recently starred as a rich playboy, a stage director, a jet fighter-pilot and an ambitious businessman. This month he will be seen as a Marine Colonel in Paramount's "The Proud and the Profane" opposite Deborah Kerr. His characterizations were not notable as acting but rather as degrees of intensity: he was always Holden in a different situation, reacting with fortitude and energy.

This is not a handicap in movies. The skilled star is one who never lets his personality get overpowered by his role.

Having done almost as many pictures as he is years old, the hazel-eyed, brown-haired Holden — who is never without a tan—is not worried about his own future.

"I worry about Hollywood," he says. "This is a great business. More people of high caliber should go into it."

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America's Favorite Dogs

by BEN MERSON

EVER SINCE the first dog crept into the lair of the first Stone Age man, dog has been man's constant companion. Outwardly, the dog has changed through the centuries. Basically, he is the same. His sense of smell is so keen that he can detect a teaspoon of vinegar in 1,300 gallons of water; his ears so acute that he can hear 10,000 cycles beyond human range.

These attributes man has put to his own use by breeding different strains for different purposes. The boxer above is typical. Formerly a fierce hunter of boars, he is now a distinguished watchdog and Seeing-Eye dog. And he is among the 11 most popular breeds in America, according to the Gaines Dog Research Center and the American Kennel Club, with whom fanciers register their 8,000,000 thoroughbred pets. On the following pages are the breeds that share his popularity.

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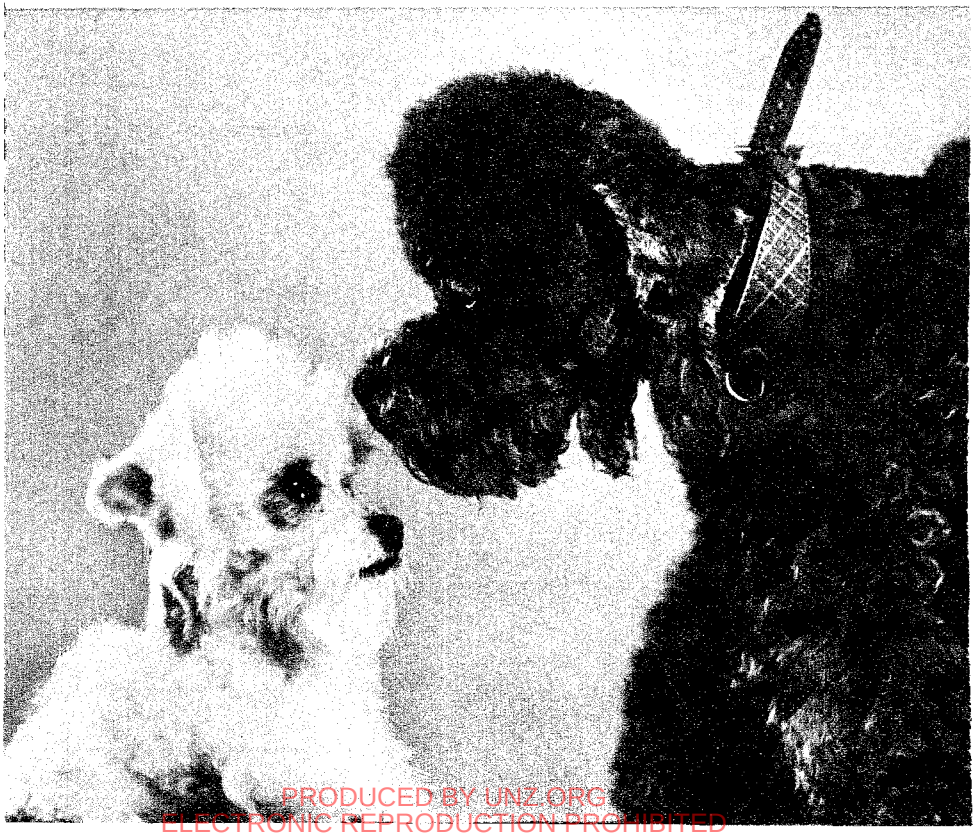
French Poodle

"SMART ENOUGH to talk," is the way fanciers describe the perky, bouncy, whimsical poodle. And he's as versatile as he's clever. Circuses use him as a canine acrobat. Sportsmen admire him as a retriever of ducks.

Originally a German who became a French national, the poodle revels in a chic coiffure that is no mere affectation. Unclipped, he would soon look like an animated rope and have trouble walking. He comes in three sizes—toy, miniature and standard—and fits in nicely as a household pet.



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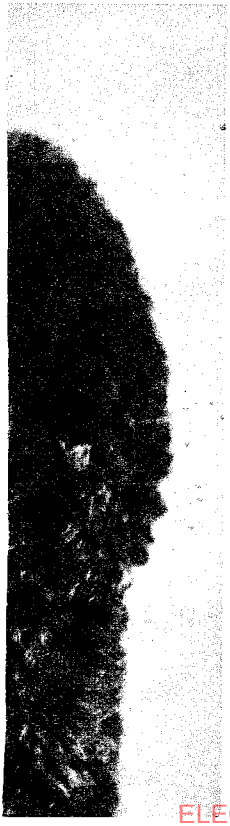

Collie

KEEN AND SELF-ASSURED, the collie rarely looks for trouble to prove his hardihood. Proof enough is his 400-year record as a cattle and sheep herder in England and the craggy hills of Northern Scotland. He's deep-chested, lithe and active; good with children and easy to train. In fact, he'll occasionally refuse to repeat a lesson he's learned well, preferring something new.

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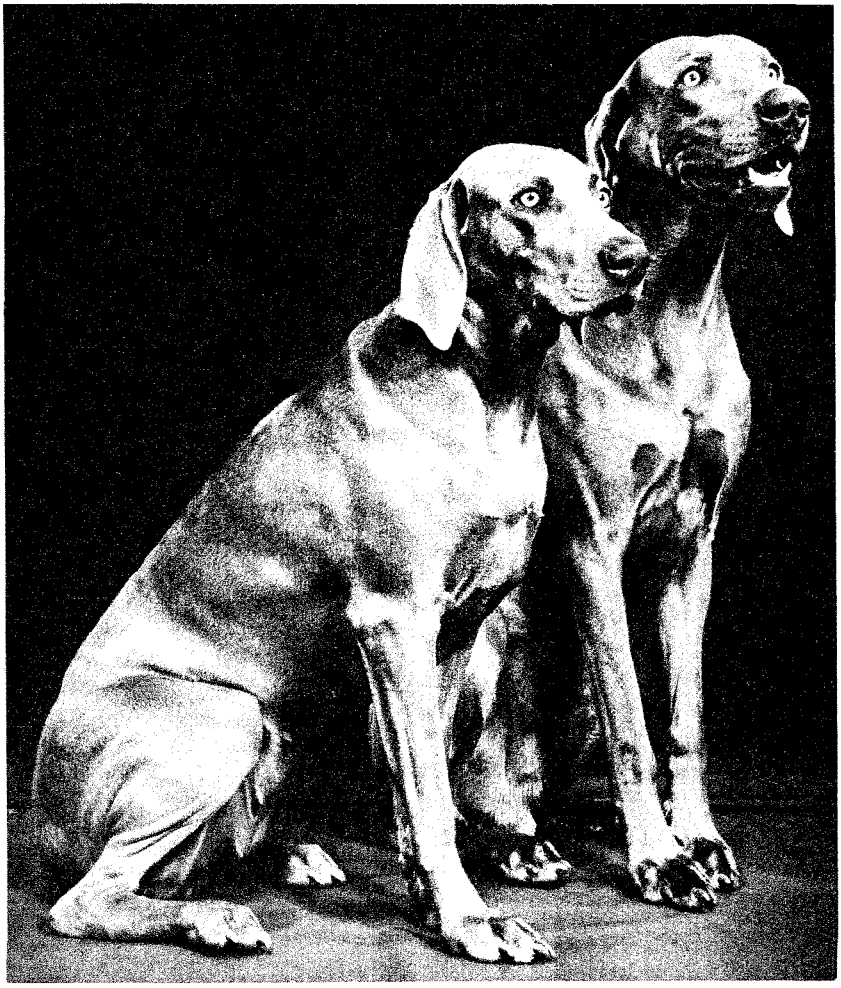

Weimaraner

HE POINTS, he retrieves, he trails, he harries. But he'd rather sleep in your bed than in a kennel. Because the weimaraner, despite his reputation as an all-around field dog, often thinks he's a lap dog—and is hurt if you don't agree. Originating in Germany about 1825, the breed was so carefully guarded that none got to the U.S. until 1929. His coat is a unique gray; his eyes sometimes blue.

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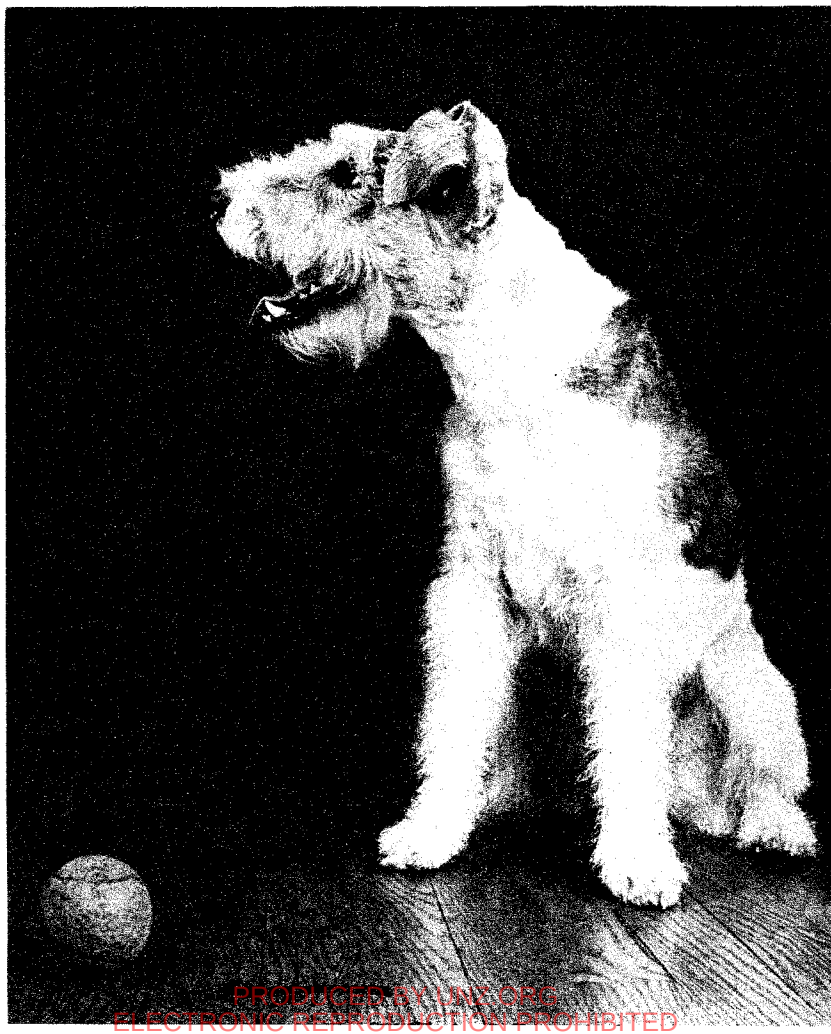
Wirehair Fox Terrier

PERHAPS the best known of all purebred dogs, this little dynamo can get most of the running he needs in a small-sized apartment. He's gay and lively and, as his name implies, his original job was to drive foxes from their dens. He's strong and aggressive, is easy to train but, like all rough-coated dogs, is a little difficult to groom. He likes children. And likes to get into mischief with them.



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German Shepherd

He's Mr. Dignity of Dogdom. Self-confident, aloof, with a finely chiseled head and fearless expression, the German shepherd does not lend himself to quick or indiscriminate friendships. But once he decides he's your dog, he's yours till the death. Nothing—and nothing you do—can shake his loyalty and devotion.

He's a fine sheepdog and watchdog, is often used as a police dog and was the first dog trained to guide the blind.

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Dachshund

HALF A DOG HIGH—and a dog and a half long. "The ideal family dog," as one wit observed, "because the whole family can pet him at the same time." Ideal, too, because of his fastidious habits and fondness for children. And probably the only dog with a real sense of humor. Laugh at another dog and he'll generally slink away. Laugh at a dachsie and his eyes laugh with you.

But don't let that sausage-shape fool you. It encases a dog that's all heart. He'll trail, rout and kill any ground game. And he's courageous to the point of rashness. But at home he's a gentleman. He doesn't even have a doggy odor.

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Cocker Spaniel

THAT YEARNING LOOK probably means he's hungry. For a cocker seems to have a bottomless pit. But he also has a tremendous appetite for fun, and children are his favored playmates. Officially he's a bird dog—that is, he scents the air currents for feathered game, then drives ahead to flush it out. He was bred to retrieve from water.

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Labrador Retriever

HE DOESN'T COME from Labrador—probably from Newfoundland. But there's no doubt about his remarkable ability to retrieve ducks and geese from the iciest water, and on land as well. He has a dense black or yellow coat that serves as insulation, plus web feet.

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Beagle

TOP DOG in America is this merry, madcap breed. Which is understandable, since the beagle is all things to all men. To the city dweller he's a gentle-eyed clown, whose antics are never cramped by close quarters. To the suburbanite he's a fine watchdog and a foe of such garden pests as woodchucks and moles. To the sportsman he's a living legend, whose remarkable powers of scent have become part of our idiom (he has a nose like a beagle).

Said nose—and the 15 to 30 pounds of compact body that go with it—will plough through the heaviest cover in pursuit of any game, but especially the cottontail rabbit. As he hunts, the beagle makes music—a cello, a fife, a bugle—in a voice that is a symphony of nature.

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Chihuahua

WEIGHING from one to six pounds, the peppy, bright-eyed chihuahua is the smallest dog in the world. He has either a long or short coat, is graceful, swift-moving and wears a saucy expression. Two to four pounds is considered the ideal weight, and colors range from blonde to black to chocolate to white.

As a group chihuahuas are clannish, preferring dogs of their own kind. This is probably a form of self-protection, since they are rather delicate. The breed comes from the Mexican state of the same name.

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But the real favorite is . . . . .

MR. MONGREL. Or Mr. Mutt. Call him what you will, and 14,500,000 of him will come running, according to the latest census. Some may look like a cross between a giraffe and a rabbit; others as beautiful as a gazelle. They're healthy, adaptable and smart. So smart that they outnumber thoroughbreds almost two to one.

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The Impostor Who Called Himself Christ

by GRAHAM FISHER *and* RAY WADDON

As bizarre a charlatan as ever bedazzled an audience, Pigott charmed his lady followers, but outraged all England by his monstrous claim

A HUSH FELL upon the congregation of the ornate London church that Sunday morning in 1902 as the tall, pale-faced man in a frock coat mounted the pulpit. From behind his pince-nez, deepset gray eyes regarded the largely feminine congregation with a gaze hypnotic in its intensity.

For T. Hugh Smyth-Pigott, the big moment had arrived.

He leaned forward with his eyes half-closed as though in reverie. A groan escaped him, then he straightened.

"I am that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again and ascended into heaven," he announced.

And as he did so, by strange coincidence, a cloud darkened the stained glass windows of the church, lending dramatic impact to the fantastic words.

"Behold and see!" he went on. "I am He Whom the world expects and now I am come. I am He that liveth and behold I am alive for evermore."

A woman began to sob. At the back of the church a voice cried out: "It is He . . ."

A score of hysterical voices took up the cry and women rushed forward to seize his hands, to kiss his garments.

A smile of triumph seemed to hover for a moment on Pigott's lips. Within 24 hours he was making world headlines. . . .

It would be the height of understatement to say that T. Hugh Smyth-Pigott was a strange man. The son of reasonably well-to-do parents, from boyhood he wanted ease and comfort beyond what they could give him. He wanted power, and, above all, this sunken-cheeked man with the high forehead and compelling personality craved the admiration of beautiful women.

At Oxford University, where he studied divinity, fellow-students

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thought his ideas—to say the least—bizarre.

"Women," he contended, "were created to pander to the needs of men and to be at all times subject to the will of the husband or lover."

He collected books on hypnotism and early works on psychology, then in its infancy. Following a demonstration at which a hypnotist used metal discs to induce cooperation in the subject, Pigott told a friend: "That's child's play. I can accomplish the same without such paraphernalia. Soft music, a gentle voice, commanding gestures and self-reliance achieve wonders.

"Women," he said prophetically, "are particularly susceptible."

AFTER TAKING his degree in divinity, he was ordained and appointed to a North London district where his personality and preaching attracted an unusually large number of teen-age girls to his services. He married one of them, pretty auburn-haired Kathie Reynolds.

Even as a young curate, Pigott's sermons tended toward the grandiose.

"I speak to you as one inspired," he told his congregation one Sunday. "There are prophets today as surely as there were in times of old. I am one of those prophets."

A few Sundays later he promoted himself to something more than a mere prophet.

"God is in me," he announced. "My words are His. Whomsoever I curse, He will curse. Whomsoever I bless, He will bless."

The people of the district turned against him. "He's mad," some whispered. "Not mad—bad," said others. Pressure became so acute that he found it necessary to resign his appointment, giving as his reason a suddenly-acquired belief in the Salvation Army.

He rose quickly to the rank of major in this vigorous new organization—and was again required to resign. Then in Ireland he chanced to meet a young Scotchman belonging to the Agapemonites, a small sect which believed in spiritual marriage (or free love). To Pigott, this seemed ideal and he returned to England to preach in the Ark of the New Covenant, a magnificent church which the sect had built in a London suburb.

It was there in September, 1902, at the age of 49, that he made his shocking claim to be Jesus Christ returning to live among men.

London was outraged, and the next Sunday, as Pigott got ready for church, an angry mob gathered round his house on Clapton Common.

"Being who I am, I have no fear,"

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Pigott said calmly, and ordered his carriage.

A roar of fury went up as people caught sight of him. Sticks were waved in the air. But Pigott walked boldly out. Yelling, the mob closed around him . . . and, just in time, a contingent of mounted police, ordered out when news of the disorder reached police headquarters, trotted up the street.

They escorted Pigott to church, where he repeated his monstrous claim. But this time boos and catcalls mingled with the adulation of his female followers, and afterwards the police had to hustle him away before the mob could get their hands on him.

The next time Pigott tried to hold a service at the Ark of the New Covenant, a riot broke out . . . and the church was closed, never to be re-opened.

An angry crowd gathered outside his home each night, shouting and heaving stones through the windows. Pigott wisely stayed inside, with police on guard at the doors. Still playing his role, he spoke sadly of the public's antagonism as "The Great Rejection" and explained that he was waiting for God to tell him what to do.

Shortly he left London and sought sanctuary in a high-walled country mansion the Agapemonites owned in the foothills of western England. Here, not far from the little township of Four Forks, Henry J. Prince, founder of the sect, had set up an establishment which the local people nicknamed "The Abode of Love."

Prince had claimed to be the immortal messenger of the Holy Ghost, but that fact had not prevented him dying an ordinary death in 1899. Now, three years later, Pigott took over.

His wife, Kathie, fled there with him, as did young, vivacious Ruth Preece, a family friend. Pigott proclaimed Ruth the "Spiritual Bride of the Lamb," and when he tired of her he installed a younger and more attractive "soul bride" in her place . . . and then another.

At one time there were 60 women

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living in that strange community near Four Forks, ranging from pretty teen-agers to some whose lack of good looks was counter-balanced by their money.

What was the secret of his strange fascination for all types of women? Hypnotism seems to have played at least a part.

One of his "soul brides" has said: "The irresistible fascination of his eyes will never fade from my memory. They seemed to pierce the very soul and to command respect, obedience and worship."

Pigott escaped jail because there was no provision in English law under which he could be charged. But he was unfrocked by the Church for "immoral life and habits."

When he heard the news, he promoted himself yet again. "It does not matter what they do," he said. "I am God."

He was a complete charlatan, but one who deceived himself as well as others. Said a man who met him at this time: "He chatted as on a matter of business about the most damnable farce that ever found birth in a human brain and, as far as I could see, believed every word he uttered."

Inside the 15-foot walls which surrounded the Abode of Love, Pigott lived a life of ease and luxury. Money was no worry because his women followers, many of them wealthy, were required to put their savings into a common fund. He lived on the fat of the land, had servants to wait on him and drove about in a flashy red car.

Exotic rites formed part of the fantastic set-up. These were held in a chapel on the grounds—a building of oriental splendor furnished with divans and couches covered in red. Pigott, clad in scarlet robes, presided from a "throne."

He told his followers: "I shall never die. Immortality is mine. Nations may rise and fall, but I shall remain to be revered and worshiped and adored until time shall be no more."

He proved a false prophet, however, for in 1927 he died. On the death certificate his name appears simply as T. H. Smyth, the cause of death as kidney disease.

Pigott's funeral was kept a close secret, but the village folk swear to this day that he was buried in an upright position to be ready for the Resurrection.

The Abode of Love still exists, the home of a dwindling handful of elderly women who patiently await the second coming of the man who lies buried beneath the drawing-room window . . . the man whose claim to be Christ they still believe.

Explanations Are in Order

THE DIFFERENCE between American and English boys, whatever it is, is deliciously unimportant. —JULIE ANDREWS

GEORGE GOBEL explains it this way: "College is just a place to keep warm between high school and an early marriage." —HAROLD HELFER

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THE SOUTH'S TOUGHEST COP

by BOOTON HERNDON

Ex-FBI agent Ed Scheidt uses every trick in the book—plus some new ones—to crack down on speeders along North Carolina's highways

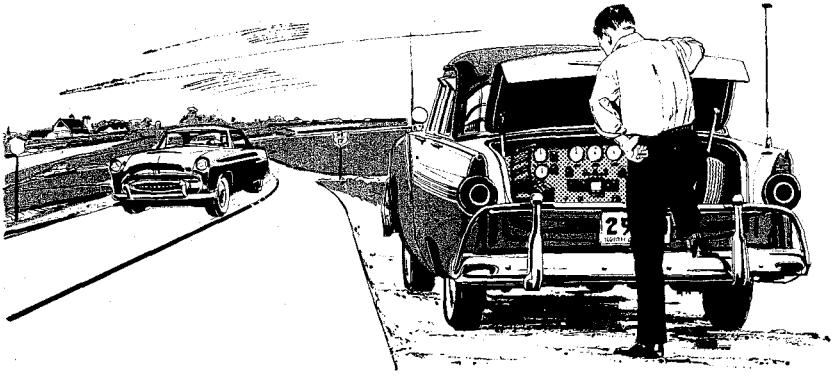
ED SCHEIDT, North Carolina's long, lean, sandy-haired Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, is probably the toughest highway cop in the country. And, according to a letter he received from a dear little old lady in New England the other day, he's mean and sneaky to boot.

But whether little old ladies or hot rodders, all speeders are fair game to Scheidt. In 21 years with the FBI, six as head of the New York office, he got in the habit of tracking down culprits ruthlessly, using stealth, science, secrecy—everything in the book. As boss of North Carolina's extensive and well-traveled highways, he hasn't changed a bit.

If you drive through that state, *watch out!* Here are some of the things that can happen to you:

Let's say you don't see any of Scheidt's troopers in your rear-view mirror, so you speed up a little. Then ahead you notice a car parked on the shoulder of the road, its trunk top up. Somebody changing a tire, you think, and go by at 65.

But, surprise! In that open trunk is a radar machine, and in a fraction



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of a second it has clocked your speed and registered it on a dial in front of the driver, who is a highway patrolman.

He jumps out, slams down the trunk, and is back behind the wheel and coming after you in a matter of seconds.

If you're a resident of the state, he'll probably give you a ticket, which can't be fixed. If you're just traveling through, he will conduct you personally to the nearest court or Justice of the Peace.

In some counties, you may pay your fine and be on your way. In others, court is held infrequently, and the only way you can get out of the state is to put up bond. If you don't come back, you forfeit the bond.

SPEEDING in North Carolina, therefore, can cost you less than $10 or more than $100. Drivers scream, of course, about the way the local justices of the peace hand out fines —and about the size of the fines. But the judicial procedure is beyond Scheidt's sphere of influence. As an enforcement officer, it is his job not to judge an offender or decide the penalty, but rather to bring the offender to the bar of justice. This he and his troopers do with a vehemence and in a variety of ways.

Let's say, for example, you are driving along a completely deserted stretch of highway with nothing in front, nothing behind. Where a country road comes in, you idly notice a couple of black cracks in the highway a hundred feet or more apart. A little way up the road sits a car.

If you were speeding, you might as well pull over right away. For that's a highway patrol car. And on the front seat by the trooper rests a box about the size of a thick dictionary, with a big dial face on it.

This is the dread electric speed watch, known in North Carolina as "The Whammy." That first crack in the road was actually an air-filled rubber hose. One end was attached to an electric switch. A wire led from the switch to the box in the patrol car.

When you ran over the first hose, the pressure cut on the switch. This started the needle on the dial moving. When you hit the second air-filled hose, the same thing happened, this time stopping the needle on the exact speed at which you had been driving.

If you were speeding, the trooper may simply disconnect the wires leading to the box and take out after you himself. He has the dial with the needle still pointing at your speed, and he'll be glad to show it to you if you don't believe him.

Or he may have a partner waiting over the next hill. In that case, he reaches for the microphone of his two-way radio. "Say, Jack," he drawls. "Pick up a lady wearing a pink hat and driving a blue and white hard top. Give her my regards and tell her she went by here at 68 miles an hour."

Some patrol cars are equipped with a special camera which records not only your speed, but how well you were driving. Scheidt has a growing collection of photographs showing cars blatantly passing other cars on hills and curves, speeding by school buses discharging children.

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"I'm proud of my speed traps," Scheidt says. "Only would you mind calling them electronic speed devices? After all, we don't trap you into a thing. Obey our laws and we'll get along fine."

As North Carolinians became wary of whammies, Scheidt used dummy whammies—black cables attached to nothing—and people slowed for them, too. Then troopers put dummies down in one place and the real thing right over the hill.

A young trooper named L. H. Kirby went further than that. Hot rodders were making life miserable—

THE STORY OF THE NAACP
A candid report on the history, motives and methods of one of the most talked-about organizations in the United States.
IN AUGUST CORONET

—and dangerous!—for everyone along his stretch of highway. They even drove past his house when he was home, blowing their horns and shouting ridicule. Try as he would, he couldn't catch them in the act. They knew every trick.

Finally Kirby put down a dummy whammy, composed simply of two black cables, on a straight stretch of road. The hot rodders stole the cables. Each time, Kirby patiently replaced his dummy, and finally the novelty wore off. For two days the cables remained untouched, although the hot rodders still continued to make a speedway out of the road.

The third day, Kirby substituted the real thing for the dummy and caught ten of them, all doing over 75 miles an hour.

"I guess you'd call that a dummy dummy-whammy," Scheidt says proudly of his victory.

It has now even become a custom in the state for many motorists to blink their lights at passing cars that are being driven too fast or too recklessly.

When Scheidt had completed 21 years with the FBI, he was offered jobs that would pay nearly double what his commissioner's salary then paid. While considering them, he came to the realization that at no time when he had gone out to make an arrest had he been as scared as he was every time he met an oncoming car on the highway. In other words, he realized that he was *safer apprehending a criminal than he was driving on the nation's highways!*

That's why Scheidt became Commissioner of Motor Vehicles—to save lives on the highway. In spite of the financial sacrifice, Mrs. Scheidt was all in favor of it too, though for another reason.

"There was, of necessity, much secrecy in the FBI," she explains. "I remember one night Ed came home late and too tired to tell me why. I read in the paper next morning that he had personally arrested Judith Coplon and Valentin Gubitchev. I hadn't known he was after them, or even who they were.

"With the highway job, however, I saw that there would be a chance for me to know enough about my husband's work to discuss it with him and believe in it with him. We went into this job together."

Just as the FBI does, Scheidt gets the best men, puts them through

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long, tough training courses, and then backs them to the hilt. He put a trooper who had come up from the ranks—James R. Smith—in as Patrol Commander. He insisted that every trooper get a day off every week and reduced the regular working day from nine to eight hours. The resulting *esprit de corps* is worth a hundred whammies. His troopers will try anything.

Take the saturation patrol. Scheidt first used it on a Saturday afternoon on U.S. 1. Twenty-five troopers met at a designated spot, then split up. Each stopped every car or truck he passed, checking drivers' licenses, equipment, everything.

Some cars were stopped as many as six times. One man was caught speeding twice in ten minutes. There was one violation for every six cars stopped.

Scheidt came to North Carolina convinced that enforcement, enforcement, and more enforcement would pay off, and it has. In 1954, his first full year on the job, the number of highway deaths dropped from 1,118 to 991. That represents 127 people, one of them you, perhaps, who are alive today because of Ed Scheidt and his gimmicks. Automobile insurance rates have dropped and car owners save money; and the state legislature has given him the money for more men and more patrol cars to bring the total to 581 of each.

Scheidt, with the cooperation of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has put a required course on highway laws and safety in all North Carolina high schools; and Kay Kyser, the former radio star who retired to his home state, has been working enthusiastically on a full-scale driver-education program complete with movie and TV stars.

"Maybe someday we'll get 'em to slow down of their own accord," Scheidt says grimly. "Until then, we'll use every trick in the book to *make* 'em."

Writers Cramped

A YOUNG AUTHOR sent a manuscript to an editor with a letter in which he stated: "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person living or dead."

A few days later he received his manuscript back with the penciled notation:

"That's what's wrong with it."

A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER columnist received a number of manuscripts from a young English writer asking his advice as to the best channel for marketing his writing.

He sent the manuscripts back with this note: "The one channel I can conscientiously recommend as the greatest outlet for articles of this type is the English Channel."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

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Boy Plunger of the Wheat Pit

by JOHN TOLAND

The young Napoleon of wheat played for fantastic stakes and then wagered once too often

EARLY IN DECEMBER, 1897, word flashed from the Chicago Wheat Pit that a mysterious syndicate was about to pull off the biggest "corner" in history. A week later, the startling news leaked out that the "syndicate" was a young man of 29, until then unknown in wheat circles. His name was Joe Leiter.

In the titanic struggle that followed, the dashing young financier captured the world's imagination.

Joe Leiter was the son of Levi Z. Leiter, pioneer merchant king of Chicago. Up until that time Joe had been known mainly as a playboy with a talent for spending money in epicurean extravagances. Ever since his graduation from Harvard he had been the unofficial court jester for the famous John W. "Bet-You-A-Million" Gates and his high-flying cronies. A big fellow with the innocent, benign expression of an occidental Buddha and a weird and wonderful imagination, young Leiter amused the Gates crowd with his many wild and woolly schemes. One was to buy the Great Wall of China and turn it into a museum; and he was working on an intricate plan to descend on Wall Street and bankrupt J. P. Morgan.

Joe Leiter worshipped Gates, who often bet $1,000 on a single raindrop racing down a windowpane. He soaked in the audacious spirit of the man who had become the symbol of reckless wagering.

One of the Gates crowd's many novel ways of betting huge sums of money was with sugar cubes in restaurants. Each man would soak his sugar in water and put it in front of him. Every fly that lit on a sugar cube brought $1,000 to the owner.

After an hour, the score would be totaled. And great sums would often

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be won and lost, since in those romantic but unhygienic days flies were considered a natural decoration of even the swankest eating places.

Fortunes were gambled on a single horse race. One memorable wager made on the American Derby at Washington Park, Chicago, saw Joe lose $140,000 to Bet-You-A-Million.

"A man shouldn't bet unless he's sure he's right, and when he is sure he's right he should bet every dollar he owns," Gates contended.

THIS AUDACIOUS philosophy inspired Joe Leiter to become one of the most reckless, yet dangerous, gamblers of all times.

Both men were involved in what was undoubtedly the most fabulous poker game ever played. It went on for five days and nights in Gates' sumptuous suite at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. Wild duck soaked in wine, terrapin and crepes suzettes were served the untiring players. Over $2,000,000 changed hands.

The high point of the game came when Joe bluffed his mentor out of a pot containing almost $100,000.

But the biggest gamble in Joe Leiter's life didn't take place at the race track or gaming tables. Early in 1897, Levi Leiter gave son Joe $1,000,000 to start a real estate business.

This, obviously, was too tame an occupation for the flamboyant Joe. He decided, instead, to pull off what was considered an impossible feat—a corner of the wheat market.

In simple terms, that meant he would buy all the available wheat in the world. Naturally, the man or combine who owned the world's wheat could dictate its price and make a fantastic clean-up.

Joe, figuring wheat would go up, bought at 65c a bushel. It suddenly boomed and he made a neat profit. He invested this profit in more wheat and made an even greater killing.

He kept plunging, buying when prices were rock bottom and selling at each peak of demand. His luck and cool judgment combined to bring him unbelievable success. In a short time, he had amassed 12,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The young speculator had apparently cornered every bushel of available wheat and was now prepared to collect his huge profits.

The biggest victim of Joe's corner was the financial titan P. D. ("Peedy") Armour, meat packer and owner of a great grain elevator system.

Peedy, who was called "The Wheat King," had sold Joe 9,000,000 bushels for delivery by the end of December. The old tycoon had gambled that the market would fall and that he'd be able to buy the wheat somewhere at a figure far below the price at which he'd agree to sell.

When the amazed Peedy discovered that Joe controlled every bushel of wheat, he reluctantly bid for some of the young man's grain. Joe could have made a profit of several million dollars but, being an inveterate gambler, he wanted to shoot the moon. Recklessly, he turned down Peedy's bid.

Armour, wild with rage, vowed he'd crush the upstart if it took his

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entire fortune. Then he discovered there was wheat stored in the Northwest. Although the Great Lakes were almost solidly frozen over, and it seemed impossible to transport this wheat to Chicago for delivery to Leiter, the indomitable old man chartered 25 lake vessels and a fleet of tugs.

The tugs bit a way through the thick, dangerous ice and led the cargo ships northward to Duluth. Before long, 11 of the ships, convoyed by half the tugs, beat their way back to Chicago and poured 1,000,000 bushels of wheat into Armour's big elevators.

The impossible had been accomplished, all because a young man had dared challenge the iron-willed Peedy Armour.

A second fleet arrived from Duluth and soon the 9,000,000 bushels were delivered to the chagrined Joe. Even after Peedy's contract had been fulfilled, wheat still kept flowing into Chicago. Joe's corner had been broken by the wily old King of Wheat.

With the market glutted, prices fell. There was almost a panic in the Wheat Pit, but Joe refused to be stampeded.

"I'm sitting on my pyramid of wheat," he said unworriedly, "just waiting for someone to buy it."

Instead of playing out the game cautiously, Joe kept buying more wheat that spring. Then came the electrifying news that war had been declared between the United States and Spain. With the threat of blockade, the world now clamored frantically for wheat and more wheat.

The newspapers called Joe the greatest genius in market history. "Leiter has taught the wheat trade," said *The New York Times,* "a new style of campaign."

By May 10, Joe could have settled for a profit of $7,000,000. But the spiritual son of Bet-You-A-Million Gates still refused to sell. Wheat would go even higher, he insisted. And it did, climbing to a sensational $1.85 a bushel.

Old timers warned Joe to unload, for it was rumored that a new American bumper crop would soon be harvested. If this happened, the price would drop and Joe would be wiped out.

But, refusing to heed any words of caution, he held onto an estimated 35,000,000 bushels of wheat in a second attempt to corner the entire market.

At 9:30 A.M. on June 13, the gong inside the quaint old building at the foot of Chicago's La Salle Street echoed through the clock tower. The hum of the Wheat Pit began with the sun shining through the beautiful stained-glass windows and making the interior a gleaming mass of red and gold.

Everyone knew something big was in the air. It was whispered that wheat was pouring into Chicago from all parts of the world. If true, this meant that the Leiter Corner would be finally broken and prices would tumble. The whispers grew.

Spectators, lunch baskets in hand, had crowded into the balcony overlooking the Pit. They were avidly watching the great dial with its huge hand indicating the price of wheat. The whispers became a roar.

Leiter's brokers, who were on the

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floor of the Pit still buying wheat, fought and scrambled their way to the rim, beseeched by screaming traders. They looked desperately towards Joe for instructions. For if they stopped buying, the market would break.

"What'll we do?" shouted one broker wildly over the heads of traders.

Joe Leiter stared for a long moment at the half-maddened brokers. He had just received confirmation of the rumors. Millions of bushels of wheat were being dumped into Chicago elevators. Croesus himself couldn't have bought them all.

Joe shrugged his heavy shoulders with the regal indifference of the born gambler.

"Sell," he said.

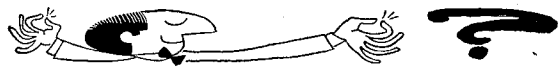
Eyes instinctively turned to the hand of the price dial. It trembled, then suddenly plunged down. The panic was on. Hats were trampled, clothes torn off traders' backs in the frantic, hysterical effort to dump wheat.

The young man who had come within a shade of completing the biggest of all market deals watched the wild stampede, then turned and walked casually away from the Pit —never to return. The Boy Napoleon of Wheat had started the day worth almost $8,000,000. At the closing gong he had been wiped out completely, and was $10,000,000 in the hole besides.

Old Levi stood by his son. Although he wasn't legally responsible, he announced that he would assume all of Joe's losses in his sensational "ride through the Pit."

The Leiter Corner was the greatest failure in the annals of the Wheat Pit, but Joe was regarded as a mighty hero by the farmers of America. For his boom in wheat had stopped an incipient depression and had brought them profit of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Quickies in Common Things



WHICH DIRECTION is the face of Abraham Lincoln facing on a Lincoln penny?

TRY THIS little test in observation: On a piece of paper, draw a replica of a telephone dial and see if you can insert in complete detail the numbers and letters for every hole.

CHOOSE A WORD in this line of type that you think a dime will cover completely, then take out a dime and see how far off you were.

I'LL LAY YOU college graduates five to one that you can't give me the Latin phrase represented by the initials of your A.B.

STARTING at 6 A. M. today and ending at 6:30 A. M. tomorrow, exactly how many times does the minute hand lap the hour hand?

YOU MEN, without counting, try to guess the total number of pockets in your clothing, including those in your topcoat, and see how close you come.

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac*, (Doubleday & Co.)

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Human Comedy

THE LATE Arthur Schnabel was rehearsing a Beethoven piano concerto. Schnabel did not agree with the conductor's interpretation of the music, and every time he thought the conductor wasn't looking, would start to lead the orchestra from his seat at the piano. Finally the conductor caught him at it, and, pointing to himself, roared, "Mr. Schnabel —the conductor is here!"

Schnabel quietly replied, "Yes, I know, but where is Beethoven?"

—LARRY GORE

WHEN GOVERNOR COX was defeated for the Presidency by Warren G. Harding, he received the election returns in his newspaper office in Ohio. After the final, overwhelming results were in, one of his friends said: "Well, Governor, the people have spoken."

"Yes," sighed Cox, "but they didn't have to speak so loudly."

—LEONARD LYONS

A NEW YORKER fishing in the upper peninsula of Michigan had as his guide a typical woodsman. One night by the campfire he regaled the city man with accounts of the severity of the winters in those parts—how deep the snowdrifts were—how cold the wind off Lake Superior.

"We have some mighty cold snaps along the Eastern seaboard, but nothing like that," said the New Yorker. "How do you manage to stand it?"

"Me?" said the guide. "I don't try to stand it. Before it freezes solid, I pack up and go down South for the winter."

"To Miami?" asked the city man.

"Nope," grunted the guide. "Grand Rapids."

—Troy *Record*

ONE DAY while waiting for a bus on a busy street corner where no left turns were permitted, I saw a woman driver signal for a left turn. A policeman stepped out in front of her and told her that she couldn't make the turn.

The lady promptly snapped, "I can if you'll get out of my way!" And she did!

—CLARENCE JOHNSON

A SHOE CLERK was patiently waiting on an elderly woman while her daughter roundly criticized each pair her mother tried on. Finally exasperated, the clerk slipped a shoe on the older woman's foot and turning to the daughter asked mildly, "How does it feel?"

—MRS. ROBERT MALONEY, JR.

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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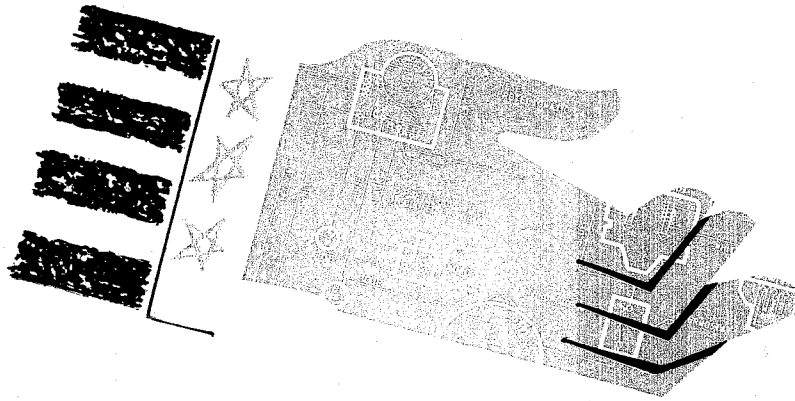

Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Patent Pool

A fabulous treasure of technical know-how is available to American businessmen—and to you—most of it absolutely free

by KENT SAGENDORPH

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE is happy over a letter that it received from a glass manufacturer recently.

"You'll never know," wrote the man, "how grateful I am. We were scrapping mirrors because of spots forming on them. We could find no way to prevent this until one of your technical reports solved our problem. The 50 cents I paid for it was worth more than $10,000 to me."

From all over the country, and occasionally from Canada, come hundreds of similar letters thanking the big, impersonal U.S. Government in glowing terms. What Uncle Sam did to earn such praise is not well known, but should be. And it could happen nowhere else on earth but in the U.S.A.

The Government has turned over to the American people billions of dollars worth of patents, technical reports and development work on new industrial products, the largest reservoir of know-how in the world. And, mostly, it's *free*. Uncle Sam simply says: "Help yourself!"

In the files of the Office of Technical Service (a division of the Department of Commerce) are scores of cases of young firms that did just that—helped themselves. New businesses are springing up and established firms are expanding into new and varied fields, thanks to the OTS and its "patent pool."

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A brand-new Florida business, for instance, now employs a dozen oldsters who produce ceramic bookends, figurines, ash trays and so forth, by a patented process developed by the Government. The process and all its development work cost the small firm *nothing*.

Everything from talcum powder to turbines, from tiny transistors to giant generators, is waiting in the "pool" for commercial exploitation. But to the small manufacturer, which means 95 per cent of all U.S. manufacturers, it remains unknown and untapped.

Take the case of a medium-sized shop in Ohio that solicited a big order from the aircraft industry involving fabrication of exhaust stacks from titanium. The shop found it could not work titanium with any known machinery because it was too hard.

So the research director of the firm set out on a staggering project —to develop independently a brand-new process for this job. In checking, he learned that the "patent pool" had it all. For 50 cents, he received technical information on a Government-held patent that described how it could be done in complete detail.

In each of the 33 field offices of the Department of Commerce in major U.S. cities is a file of "abstracts" of Government-held patents printed on regular file cards and usually in non-technical language. If a manufacturer locates a clue to his problem on one of them, all field offices have the full resources of the Government to aid him.

When a good-sized chemical firm was in search of a new product, the OTS staff located and turned over to it some 500 technical reports on advanced developments in industrial chemistry. From these, the firm reported, it developed and marketed "at least 50 new products, with sales value in the hundreds of thousands of dollars."

Throughout the country, trade associations and universities are trying to explain the "pool" and the OTS services to small businesses. Some of them simply don't believe it. The idea of the Government handing out valuable patents and expensive development work is incomprehensible to them.

William T. Hunt, manager of the Detroit field office of the Department of Commerce, has used every medium except color television, so far, in attempting to correct this attitude. He tries to explain that the U.S. Government currently carries out and buys more industrial research and development work than all the commercial corporations in the nation combined. This work covers almost every phase of industrial enterprise; literally thousands of Government contracts are in progress simultaneously. Many of these involve new devices. According to the contracts, these are patented by the inventors and assigned to the Government.

That is one source of the 21,000 or more patents now owned or licensed by Uncle Sam. Another is the thousands of immensely valuable patents and processes which were invisible and informal reparations acquired from enemy nations after World War II. Many others, involving bil-

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lions of U.S. tax dollars, were the big "crash" defense programs at the outset of the war: synthetic rubber, fabrication of magnesium, scores of basic processes in vehicles, chemicals, electronics and food processing.

Lately, the Atomic Energy Commission has turned over more than $1,000,000,000 worth of development reports on the commercial by-products of nuclear fission. All these reports are now declassified and available for U.S. business to exploit.

Patent Commissioner Robert C. Watson, in Washington, is thus sitting on the most fabulous treasure of industrial know-how ever assembled. Over 5,000 patents are available for immediate license, *free*. Thousands of others involve only small royalties.

There is only one condition that companies are expected to fulfill. Can you *use* this to create new jobs, new products that will help make life better in the U.S.?"

If your answer is, "Yes, I can!" you will receive more help, more technical information than you could possibly pay for. You will be guided through the application for royalty-free licenses, assisted in the compiling of existing reports on your patents and furnished with data from throughout the nation.

Before you will lie the detailed technical story of your proposed new product, including performance details which you would otherwise have to develop at your own expense. You will be informed also of the current competitive position of this product, how many other firms are in the field and what luck they have had, and what is being done along similar lines in Europe.

You may submit other technical questions as they arise, and the OTS will help you find the answer. The Government wants you to succeed, which is why the Office of Technical Services was set up.

You are encouraged to improve on the Government-licensed patent, and to patent these improvements in your own name. Not long ago, for instance, the Patent Office issued two new improvement patents to competing firms which, three years ago, began operations with a single Government-owned patent.

Basically, it described a plating process which used no electricity, but which by chemical reaction deposited a uniform coating of nickel or cobalt on the inside of tubing, and in the sharp bends of piping. Each company found a different way to improve the basic principle. The OTS feels very pleased about things like this.

Can You Solve These?

(Answers to problems on page 41)

1. How could a one-armed man manage to cut off his arm?
2. You should be, for funerals are not scheduled three weeks in advance, as a rule.
3. You are sure that there are so many *pears* on an *apple* tree?
4. Who said anything about the *door* being locked?

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crime of passion

by EDWARD D. RADIN

FEW CASES have attracted as much attention over the years as has the murder of Mrs. Nancy Titterton, who was raped and strangled with pieces of clothing that had been torn from her body by the frenzied killer.

Mrs. Titterton, 33, lived with her husband in a fourth-floor apartment at Beekman Place, on New York's fashionable upper East Side. He worked for one of the major broadcasting chains and wrote book reviews. Mrs. Titterton wrote short stories. She was a slight woman, weighing under 100 pounds, of a quiet beauty that would pass unnoticed in the company of more obviously pretty women.

The murder occurred on Good Friday morning, April 10, 1936. Two men, Theodore Kruger, upholsterer, and his assistant, John Fiorenza, were returning a love seat they had picked up the previous day for minor repairs. Mrs. Titterton had specifically asked to have the sofa back Friday afternoon.

When there was no answering buzz, the upholsterer stood undecided in the lobby. Hoping that the bell was out of order, he instructed Fiorenza to go up to the apartment.

A few minutes later, Fiorenza returned. "Funny thing," he reported,

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"her door is open but nobody answered."

"Maybe she left it unlocked for us to make the delivery," Kruger suggested. "Let's take it up."

The two men placed the sofa in the same position it had occupied, and as Kruger turned he saw that the bathroom door at the far end of the room was partly open and the light turned on. He caught a glimpse of stockinged feet.

Kruger called out, "Excuse me, Mrs. Titterton . . ."

His voice trailed off as he realized that the feet were elevated at an unusual angle. "Mrs. Titterton!" he said sharply. There was no answer. The upholsterer moved cautiously toward the bathroom and peered in. His excited shouts brought Fiorenza.

THE BODY of Mrs. Titterton, nude except for a tattered slip and stockings, was lying in the bathtub, her feet hanging over the rim. Pieces of clothing had been tied tightly around her throat.

Fiorenza was first to recover from the shock. He picked up the telephone to notify police.

The investigators were puzzled. All the furniture was in place and there were no scuff marks. Yet a skirt, brassiere and garter belt that lay on the floor next to one of the beds showed how frantic the attack had been. There was a slight dent in the bed, with the faint outline of a man's footprint on the bedspread. Several small pieces of dried mud were also on the spread.

Technical men spread fingerprint powder everywhere and carefully collected the small scraps of mud.

From all the evidence, it appeared that Mrs. Titterton had admitted the killer into the apartment, leading to the theory that it was somebody she knew or expected. The absence of any signs of struggle indicated the killer had seized the frail woman while she was off-guard and carried her into the bedroom.

Later, a small piece of water-soaked cord was found underneath the body. It was frayed on one end and was slightly thicker than ordinary wrapping twine, resembling the cord used on venetian blinds. Chafe marks on Mrs. Titterton's wrists indicated that her hands had been bound together. An analysis of the cord would enable detectives to start the task of locating the manufacturer, and then trace the piece to the store where it had been sold.

Titterton was notified at his office and rushed home. Meanwhile, detectives verified that he had been at his desk all morning.

Since Kruger and Fiorenza had a legitimate reason for calling at the apartment, police were not too suspicious in that direction. Kruger said he and his assistant had been busy at the shop repairing the sofa, so they would be able to deliver it on time. His wife verified that he had not left the shop all morning.

From a scribbled note on a telephone pad, police located a friend whom Mrs. Titterton had telephoned at 10:30 that morning. The time of the murder was now established as between this moment and 11:30 when an errand boy, who had called to deliver a dress, was unable to get in.

For several days reporters haunted

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Kruger's upholstery shop, pumping him and his assistant, Fiorenza. They learned how Kruger had served many years of apprenticeship before opening his own business, and that Fiorenza was engaged to be married, but uncovered nothing new about the murder.

The cord in the bathtub held out little hope for a quick solution. Scientific analysis, too, cannot be hurried, and days passed as police technicians put the small lump of dirt from the bedspread through various tests. They isolated a tiny sliver of hard white bristle which was identified under a miscroscope as a fragment of a horsehair. Other pieces of black horsehair also were found mixed in with the dirt.

Police officials were puzzled. Horses are not too common in New York City. No horse-drawn wagon had been seen on Beekman Place the day of the murder, and none of Mrs. Titterton's friends was a riding enthusiast.

Then Capt. Edward Mullins, head of the Homicide Squad, asked, "Isn't horsehair used as a stuffing in upholstered furniture?" A call to manufacturers verified this.

The horsehair clue pointed to the upholsterers. Kruger had been investigated thoroughly because he had found the body. But not too much attention had been paid to Fiorenza, since Kruger's alibi also had covered him.

Detectives visited the Second-Avenue store and found Kruger alone. While one man held the upholsterer in conversation, another wandered about, gradually making his way to the rear where he noticed several rolls of cord. He snipped samples and then rejoined his companion. Kruger, led into talking about the day of the murder, described how he had opened before 9 o'clock that morning and had worked hard to finish the love seat on time.

"Fiorenza *would* be late on a rush day," he remarked.

The detectives promptly picked him up on that, since he had previously told them he and his assistant had been working all morning on the seat. The upholsterer explained that he knew where his assistant had been so he had an excellent alibi. He then stated that Fiorenza was on probation for having stolen an automobile and had reported to his probation officer that morning, coming to work shortly after noon.

Quickly, the samples of cord were rushed to the laboratory for comparison purposes. Assistant District Attorney William O'Rourke pointed out that the courts had been closed on Good Friday, and Fiorenza had lied when he told Kruger that story.

When laboratory tests showed that one of the samples of cord was identical with the piece found in the bathtub, Fiorenza was picked up for questioning. At first, he insisted he had been at the probation office on the morning of the murder, but switched his story when he was convinced that the courts had been closed that day.

He then said he had invented the story to cover up from Kruger that it had been such a nice day he had not felt like going to work and had taken the morning off, walking up and down Broadway. He denied

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having been at the Titterton apartment until he had accompanied Kruger with the love seat.

The questioning continued during the night without getting Fiorenza to change his story. Then, finally, detectives sensed that he was weakening. Still denying the murder, he admitted he had raped Mrs. Titterton. "But I didn't kill her," he insisted.

About 9 o'clock the following morning, Fiorenza gave up and told the story of the murder.

He said he had first seen Mrs. Titterton when he had called to pick up the love seat. The sight of the frail gentlewoman had so aroused him that he had been unable to get her out of his mind.

That night, when he left the shop, he took home with him several lengths of the cord. The following morning, he decided to attack Mrs. Titterton. He waited until 11 o'clock and then rang her bell.

"I walked up," his confession read, "and she was in the doorway. She said, 'Good morning, what do you want?' I says, 'I've come to see you about where to put the couch.' "

Mrs. Titterton then admitted him into the apartment and indicated where she wanted the seat placed. Fiorenza suggested it might look better in one of the other rooms and stepped into the library. Mrs. Titterton followed. He seized her, clapped a hand over her mouth and carried her into the bedroom. Holding her on the bed with his foot, he hurriedly fashioned the noose from the garments he had stripped from her. Mrs. Titterton's last words to him had been, "Please don't hurt me."

He used the cord he had brought with him to tie her hands behind her back but he had pulled the noose so tight about her neck while she was struggling that she went limp. Then he picked up her body and placed it in the bathtub.

"I wanted to hide it," he said.

He cut the rope from her hands, later disposing of it on his way to Kruger's shop, but he overlooked the small piece that had slipped under her body while he was placing her in the tub. The doorbell rang just as he was about to leave and in his rush to get away, he failed to close the door. The downstairs bell had been rung by the delivery boy with the dress.

Placed on trial the following month, Fiorenza repudiated his confession. The defense claimed that he was psychopathic and that its details had been suggested to him by police, but was unable to explain the cord or the horsehair fragments on the bed.

Fiorenza was found guilty of first-degree murder by a jury that deliberated 19 hours. He died in the electric chair at Sing Sing, a victim of his uncontrollable desire.

PHOTO CREDITS: 8 United Artists; 10 top Warner Bros., bottom 20th Century-Fox; 33 Zinn Arthur; 36-7 Gene Daniels from Black Star; 42-51 Carl Bakal; 53 INP; 81 Dallas Times; 82-3 Dallas Morning News; 85 NBC-TV; 89-96 Comet from Black Star; 97, 98 left, 99 Wide World; 98 right INP; 103-5 Religious News Service; 108 Bob Willoughby from Globe; 113, 115 top, 116-18 top, 121, 124 Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; 114-15 Grosser from PIX; 118-19 Butler from FPG; 120, 122-23 Carl Perutz; 123 top Palinkus from PIX.

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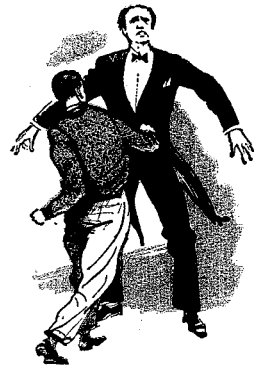
The Magician Tricked

by HAROLD HELFER

HARRY HOUDINI, generally regarded as the most fabulous trickster of all time, might very well be alive today—if it were not for a trick that had been played on him by Mother Nature.

One of the great illusions that this master of illusions had created was that he was a superman physically. As part of his act he permitted members of the audience to strike him in the stomach with clenched fist. Knowing they were coming, he could tighten his muscles and absorb seemingly devastating blows.



On October 19, 1926, following a performance in Windsor, Canada, a group of students visited Houdini's dressing room. While the magician's attention was on something else, one of them suddenly punched him in the stomach.

Houdini, unprepared for the blow, winced but managed to hold himself erect and refrain from groaning. But when they had gone he lay down on a cot writhing in agony.

Though he was still in great pain, and had developed a high fever, Houdini went on to Detroit and gave a scheduled performance. For he did not want the public to know that he was ill, and thus destroy the illusion that he was able to rise above anything.

But the next day, both the fever and the pain were worse, and a physician was called. He carefully examined the magician, but there was scarcely a sign of a bruise. The doctor could understand how a blow would cause some immediate discomfort, but this should have pretty well subsided by now. Alarmed, he called a consultation.

The other doctors all agreed that the magician was in serious condition, but they too were puzzled. An X ray and blood count were ordered and the incredible truth came out—Houdini had a ruptured appendix! Though the symptoms had indicated this, he had been struck on the *left* side. And an appendix is almost always on the right.

The doctors did what they could, but by then Harry Houdini was a dying man. Mother nature had played the last and supreme trick on the great magician—by placing his appendix on the left side!

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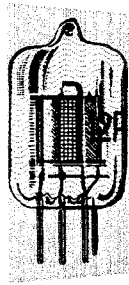

the mighty mite

by RALPH BASS

THERE'S A NEW VOICE rising in the world of sound. Many of the overtones are still indistinct, and others are only a buzz in a scientist's brain. But when it rings out in full crescendo it will revolutionize the science of electronics. And some of the practical results are already within earshot—thanks to a gadget the size of a pea.

For instance, in the not too distant future your TV set will work with this device instead of with bulky vacuum tubes. This can mean easily portable TV—and, ultimately, sets that will be hung on the walls like pictures.

Right now you can buy a hearing aid concealed in the frame of a pair of eyeglasses. It is practically invisible and has the added advantage of sharply reducing the conventional hearing aid's sizable battery expense.

You may have noticed a doctor lifting a miniature radio receiver to his ear when away from his office. Through it he gets a signal from central service, and phones in. The same doctor, one of these days, may be using a tiny radio transmitter to check your health. Brought into contact with internal organs, it will emit signals indicating the presence or absence of disease.

And soon your mail may travel by guided missile at 3,000 miles an hour. New York to California, one hour—Europe, a few minutes longer.

All these wonders—and the larger ones to come—are linked to an astonishing bit of material known as a transistor.

This muscular midget is rapidly ending the 50-year reign of the vacuum tube—familiar to most of us as the domed glass cylinder in our radio and television sets.

The tube has always been a problem. It's too big—it forces television and radio makers to turn out heavy and unwieldy sets. It's too fragile—its filaments break or burn out. And it's hungry for power. As one scientist put it: "Using a vacuum tube is like using a 12-car freight train,

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# of sound

The pea-sized transistor is replacing the vacuum tube, and may soon help diagnose disease by radio, fly mail at 3,000 mph or zoom us off to the moon

locomotive and all, to lug a pound of butter."

And that's just where the transistor comes in. A thousand times smaller than a vacuum tube and a hundred times lighter, it has a most amazing gift: instead of amplifying electric current in a vacuum, as the tube does, it amplifies it in a solid. For the transistor is little more than a speck of either germanium or silicon, wired, and enclosed in a plastic or metal bead.

What makes this so important? For one thing, since the transistor has no grid or filament to burn out, no glass to break, it is remarkably rugged and long-living. But that's not all. What has really enthralled scientists about the transistor is the infinitesimal amount of electric power it uses: approximately one hundredth of that required by the vacuum tube.

The altogether remarkable transistor has some equally remarkable constituents. Germanium, one of the substances which can form its core, is extracted from dust found in zinc smelter smoke or from coal ash. It is reduced, cooled and painstakingly refined into a grayish ingot—a "semiconductor" of electric current. This ingot is cut into several hundred tiny dice, each of which, thanks to modern scientific magic, can pounce on an elecrical impulse and build it up a thousand-fold.

Silicon, the other substance used, is much more abundant than germanium but it presents purifying and processing problems. Next to oxygen, it is the chief element in the earth's crust, but it is always found in combination with other substances.

Bell Telephone Laboratories is still taking bows for the transistor, and justifiably so, because two of its physicists invented it in 1948. The brilliant pair, Dr. Walter H. Brattain and Dr. John Bardeen, were working at the time under the direction of another physicist wizard, Dr. William Shockley. The names of all three have become bywords today in

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the world of electrical engineering.

A major reason for this universal interest in their work is that engineers foresee an improvement in the "thinking" of giant electronic brains that will make today's wonder computers seem like a backward fifth-grader.

Today, when a computer spouts wrong answers, frantic technicians hunt for burned-out tubes. In a computer with several thousand tubes, a hundred or more go bad within a month. Transistors are expected to be infinitely more reliable.

The transistor can also cut the computer down to manageable size. At present a whole side of a large room is needed for the complicated apparatus supplying power to the tubes. In transistorland, a table-sized assembly will do it.

When you consider how many atomic-age marvels are based on the infinite calculations of the computers, you begin to realize how far the transistor can extend the borders of what we know.

Only last year a vacuum tube-powered computer enabled astronomers to complete the equivalent of 600 hours of hand calculations in ten hours. As a result, they were able to locate the mysterious Eighth Moon of Jupiter, missing since 1941. No one dares guess how many other secrets of the universe the more efficient transistor may help bring to light.

Then there's the whole area of space travel and rockets. To control flight from the ground, you need airborne equipment to receive signals and change flight direction. The less bulky and weighty this equipment, the greater can be the payload—recording and photography assemblies, munitions or personnel.

Incidentally, this business of total load versus payload has caused much head scratching among travel-to-the-moon planners.

Until now, the consensus has been that the flight would never get off the ground—because of the tremendous load of required vacuum tubes plus the excess of heavy machinery needed to cool electronic gear. The transistor may solve this problem, since it is practically weightless and gives off very little heat.

Conventional aircraft, too, have had to stagger along under a heavy load of vacuum tubes and accompanying cooling equipment, so both civilian and military airplane designers are ecstatic over the transistor.

Although our engineers believe we are at least a couple of years ahead of any other nation in the development and use of transistors they are not resting on their laurels. To date, more than $100,000,000 has been spent on transistor research and experimentation, and there are now 36 companies in the field.

Inevitably, the transistor has captured the imagination of forward-looking scientists. Typical is Dr. Roland B. Holt, 36-year-old research physicist and former director of the Harvard Cyclotron Laboratory. While at Harvard, Dr. Holt found himself answering daily, sometimes hourly, queries from engineers about solid state physics and transistor circuitry.

By 1952, Dr. Holt was talking transistors morning, noon and night,

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so he organized a company in Waltham, Massachusetts, to manufacture semiconductor equipment. Today the company has 500 employees. It had been in business only a year when Clevite Corporation, a large industrial organization, saw a chance to take part in a growing field, and bought in.

Working with Dr. Holt is Abraham Coblenz, a physicist who was chief of transistor test and evaluation for the Signal Corps. Under men like Holt and Coblenz, mass production of transistors is already under way at Clevite Transistor.

By last year, a total of about 3,500,000 transistors were produced and sold, and this year the number will probably be doubled. In Phoenix, Arizona, one company is building a $3,000,000 transistor plant which will employ approximately 1,000 persons.

Over the past few years, increased production and improved fabricating techniques have dropped transistor prices from $30 to 60 cents a piece for some models. It is too early to judge the effect of a recent Federal Court decree terminating royalty payments on transistors—but on one point scientific opinion is practically unanimous:

We are witnessing a scientific miracle that will change our lives and our children's lives in ways we do not yet fully comprehend.

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The Dance of the Spiders

by JAMES C. BUTLER

The populace of Taranto whirled around the sun-baked market place to throw off the strange disease

ONE OF THE STRANGEST sicknesses in medical history had been afflicting the citizens of a small Italian city for hundreds of years up until the 17th century. The peculiar malady was caused by the bite of a spider and the only cure was a frantic dance performed by the whole community.

The place was Taranto, a hot, rock-bound village near the Gulf of Taranto.

In July and August a strange calm fell over Taranto. The bronzed, usually hard-working residents became impatient, quickly apprehensive. Activity slowed to a halt. Busy streets became quiet and deserted.

Sometimes it happened this way. On one of these hot summer days, a young woman would suddenly dart from a house. She wore a brilliantly colored skirt and blouse, long strands of beads and a great assortment of bracelets and ornaments. Shrieking incoherently, she ran toward the village square. Her body twisted and turned, quivering from head to toe. On her thigh was a yellow, swollen spot.

Moments later a man, clad in little more than a loincloth, bolted from a nearby house. Screaming, he too danced in a rapid, whirling fashion toward the square. Another followed, then another and another until the square was filled with wildly dancing people. Some were richly dressed, others near nakedness.

Musicians, seeming to appear from nowhere, began an endless melody which they repeated over and over.

The dancers started to sing:

"It was neither a big nor a small tarantula; it was the wine from the flasks. Where did it bite you, tell me, beloved, where it was? Where did the tarantula bite you?"

Men staggered into the square carrying casks of wine and the singing and dancing quickened.

This frenzied festivity lasted for four, five or six days—sometimes even as long as two weeks. When exhaustion finally set in, it stopped

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as suddenly as it had started and the town fell back into its regular routine—until the next year at the same time.

This annual orgy of dancing was supposed to arrest one of the most unique sicknesses of all time—tarantism.

The cause—the bite of the tarantula spider.

The dance—the tarantella.

Tarantulas occur in great numbers around Taranto. Knowing little about the dread spiders, the people were greatly afraid of them. To be bitten, they thought, was fatal.

Initial symptoms of a bite were headache, shortness of breath, thirst and lack of appetite. When these reactions appeared, it was time for the tarantella, that strange dance which had developed through the years.

Physicians said that the perspiration caused by dancing washed away the poison—temporarily. But a person was never completely cured. Poison stayed in a victim's body forever. Dancing the tarantella counteracted the effects of the poison which was reactivated each year by the oppressive summer heat.

Near the beginning of the 17th century, physicians started to seek for the cause of tarantism. It existed only in Taranto, yet tarantulas of the same variety were found in other areas. But, strangely enough, people bitten elsewhere did not rise up and dance.

In Naples, a doctor had himself bitten by two tarantulas imported from Taranto. Except for the normal swelling, there were no harmful effects.

The mystery continued until after the turn of the century, when tarantism began dying out. People were still being bitten, but there were no more wild orgies in the market place. Why?

Tarantism was a myth—a disease that never existed. The bite of the tarantula was harmless. But through the years, tarantism developed into a mass neurosis whose victims believed sincerely that dancing the

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tarantella was the only method of curing the bite of the spider. Thus the cure for a non-existent sickness became a disease in itself.

Authorities surmise that pagan rituals of the Greek cult of Dionysos were deeply rooted in the people of the area. For centuries they had performed its orgiastic rites.

With the arrival of Christianity, however, it became a sin to practice these ceremonies. Yet they were too enjoyable to throw off suddenly. Therefore, sometime in the past, the meaning of the frantic, sensual dancing changed—the erotic rites in honor of a pagan idol continued, but in the guise of medical treatment to counteract the harmless bite of a spider.

What Do You Say?

At premieres of Broadway plays or movies which are obvious flops, an embarrassing problem is what to say to producer, author or star when it's over. Well-wishers have managed to conceal their disappointment and yet refrain from committing themselves in ingenious ways.

In Hollywood, the standard phrases employed are: "That's a picture" . . . "Well, you've done it again" . . . "It's amazing" . . . "Never anything like it" . . . "It's unbelievable" . . . "It stands alone" . . . "They will be talking about it for years."

Garson Kanin's trick is to look deeply into the unfortunate's eyes, then pat his cheek—as if he were too touched for words. Greta Garbo, after a disappointing Goldwyn movie, embraced the producer and exclaimed: "There is only one Goldwyn"—a compliment with which he could not argue.

After the premiere of "Limelight," Robert E. Sherwood tried to avoid Charles Chaplin. Chaplin nevertheless managed to trap him, and Sherwood quickly said, "Oh, it's you. I didn't see you because my eyes were full of tears."

In London, Mr. Sherwood and Ambassador Lew Douglas went to see Laurence Olivier in the Christopher Fry play, "Venus Observed." They were to sup with the star later at the Embassy Club. They didn't like the play and Douglas wondered what they should say to Olivier.

Mr. Sherwood assured the diplomat that they wouldn't have to discuss the play. He knew that although Sir Laurence had won many prizes, including honorary degrees and a knighthood, the prize he coveted but which had eluded him so far was something symbolized by a rosette or a lapel ribbon.

So Mr. Sherwood, who had recently been elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, placed in his lapel the rosette signifying this honor. When Olivier arrived he noticed the rosette, asked about it, and throughout the supper they spoke only of rosettes and ribbons—and not a word about "Venus Observed."

—Leonard Lyons

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"It Might Be Worse"

by ARCHER WALLACE

A BLIND MAN stood on a street corner in Washington, D. C., selling shoelaces. Around his neck was a metal plate with the words, "It might be worse." There he stood day after day, to most people an object of pity; but in his own heart there was self-respect and hope.

The cheerfulness of afflicted people is one of the amazing things of life. There are many whom, judged by our standards, one would expect to find dejected and hopeless, yet they have poise and contentment well above the average. I have on several occasions spoken to a group of blinded soldiers and, when I mentioned their good nature and cheerfulness to their leader, he said:

"They are nearly always like that. If they get down for a short time, they bounce back like a rubber ball."

Perhaps the best known example in the world is that of Helen Keller. She had a normal birth, but as the result of a very severe illness when a child, she was left blind, deaf and dumb. Then, as a result of extraordinary patience on the part of others, a passage was tunneled into her imprisoned soul, and her whole being awoke. She conquered wide fields of knowledge and eventually became one of the best-known women in the world.

When Andrew Jackson was a boy, living in the backwoods of South Carolina, he and his chums were fond of wrestling. Andrew would frequently be thrown the first time, the second, and even the third; but always he would come back for more. Finally, his opponent tiring, Andrew would throw him. His persistence caused the boys to say, "The trouble with Andy is, he won't stay throwed."

Later, when he became a man and a soldier, he revealed the same disposition. He became a general in the army and later ran for President of the United States, but was defeated. He tried again, however, and was successful; in fact, he served two terms.

These overcomers—as Dr. Frank Crane called them—have had one thing in common: they did not indulge in self-pity. It isn't adversity or misfortune that defeats people, but bemoaning one's unhappy lot. Hardship is a universal experience, and there is no life without it. But history is a witness to the truth that we need not be creatures of circumstances, but creators of them.

From *The Autograph of God*, by Archer Wallace. Copyright, 1952, by The Macmillan Company, New York 11, New York.

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Main Street, U. S. A.

A GUEST VISITING A small New England hotel noticed that the bellboy was very intelligent and extremely capable.

"What part of the country do you come from?" he asked. "And how long have you been here?"

"I'm from Cape Cod," was the reply, "and I've been here nine years."

"Really?" exclaimed the guest. "I'm surprised that a smart man like you hasn't owned this hotel before this."

"Well," was the glum reply, "the owner's from Cape Cod, too."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A WEST COAST CORPORATION'S board of directors was in session when the chairman's private telephone rang. He lifted the receiver and listened attentively. Then he advised the other party to hold on for a minute.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning solemnly to the board, "does anyone know how to add 1¾ and 1⅔? My ten-year-old son is waiting on the line."

—*Northwestern Bell Magazine*

A YOUNG New York girl, originally from a tiny town in the Middle West, invited her father for a visit and got him a room in her hotel.

The first day was spent sightseeing, and late in the afternoon the girl left her father at his door with instructions to be ready for dinner around seven o'clock.

Promptly at seven she phoned him from her room. No answer. Puzzled, she asked the operator to try again. Still no answer. Suddenly her face lighted up.

"Operator," she said, "try one long ring and three short ones, will you?"

Sure enough, her father answered immediately. One long and three short rings was his party-line signal back home.

—*A. M. A. Journal*

AN EASTERNER and his family driving to California report that, after leaving Salt Lake City, they went along endlessly past the salt flats, with nothing to break the tedium of the scenery for miles. Until, that is, they came across a large billboard which had been erected by a Utah service station operator. The billboard read simply: Monotonous, Ain't It?

—OLLIE M. JAMES, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

A SEDATE ENGLISH literary man was interviewed upon his arrival in New York by an American reporter. He had heard that American newsmen could make a fool of anyone, so he chose his words carefully.

"Are you going to any nightclubs during your stay in New York?" was the first question asked of him. Playing for time, he answered: "Are there any nightclubs in New York?"

Next day the newspaper printed an account of the interview. The first question the distinguished visitor asked, it said, was: "Are there any nightclubs in New York?"

—*Picture Post* (London)

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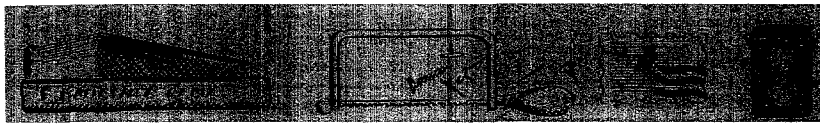
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here offerings of products, services, educational and sales opportunities that may be of interest and value to you.



FOR THE FAMILY

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DON'T stand and hold your garden hose. "Let Doozie Do It." Doozie Garden Hose Holder slips over hose threads—screw on nozzle or spray head and set hose down. Fits any garden hose. Made of Aluminum—last indefinitely. 50c ea., Or Buy 2 Get 1 Free. Send $1 for 3—Ppd. Doozie Mfg. Co., 301 No. Grand Ave., Amarillo, Texas.

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ARIZONA Peridots, tumbled, polished. August birthstone, beautiful yellow-green, classed as a precious stone, 10 for $1.00. Money back if not pleased. Luther L. Martin, Box 191, Parker, Arizona.

(School and College Directory on next page)

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To permit readers to view and select from a wider variety of products and services, the Coronet Family Shopper will carry advertisements with photographs or sketches to illustrate items, in addition to the regular non-display announcements you see above. This expanded service for readers will begin with the September issue of Coronet. Advertisers interested in this new display section may request further information from: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

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SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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EMERSON College—Radio, TV, drama, speech, speech and hearing therapy. Intensive courses in the liberal arts. B.A., B.S., M.A., M.S. degrees. Coed. Own TV studio, theatre, radio station. Dorms. 76th yr. Catalog. 130-C Beacon St., Boston 16, Mass.

AVERETT—Accredited Jr. College for girls. Transfer, terminal courses. Lib. arts, pre-professional. Mdsg., home ec., sec'l, med. sec'l. Piano, organ, voice. Sports, pool, gym. Small classes. Catalog. Curtis Bishop, 422 W. Main, Danville, Va.

VIRGINIA INTERMONT—Girls. Fully accred. Jr. College; 2 yrs. H.S. Liberal Arts, Career courses. Music, Art, Drama, Radio, 2-yr. Nursing, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Secretarial. Incl. rate $1050. Catalog. Registrar, Box C, Bristol, Va.

BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

TILTON School—Thorough college preparation. Boys, grades 7-12. Builds character, responsibility, leadership. Small classes, understanding masters. New gym. Sports for all. Est. 1845. Catalog. J. Rolland Crompton, D. D., Hdm., Box A, Tilton, N. H.

BORDENTOWN Military Institute—Accredited college prep. Business, general. Aviation, ROTC. Boys taught how to study; remedial reading. Sports. Jr. School. 75th yr. Summer session. Catalog. Registrar, Box 347, Bordentown, N. J.

FARRAGUT—Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J.; St. Petersburg, Fla. Naval training. Sep. Jr. schools. Testing, guidance. Sports, bands. Summer camp, school. Catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy, Box CO, Toms River, N. J.

PEDDIE—Fully accredited. College preparatory. Boys, grades 6-12. Guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. Sports. Jr. School—sep. dorm. Summer school. 91st year. Catalog. Dr. C. O. Morong, Hdm., Box Z, Hightstown, N. J.

PERKIOMEN—Boys taught how to study. Graduates in leading colleges. Noted for teaching reading techniques. Grades 7-12. Sports. Modern dorms. Near NYC, Phila. 82nd yr. Summer school. Catalog: S. D. Roberts. Hdm., Pennsburg, Pa.

AUGUSTA Military Academy—"The Friendly School." ROTC. Jr. & Sr. Divisions. Boys 8-20. Accredited. Graduates in leading colleges. All sports. Family owned since 1742. Rate $1250. Catalog: Col. C. S. Roller, Box X, Ft. Defiance, Va.

FORK UNION Military Academy—Our one subject plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) increased honor roll 50%. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Sep. Jr. School, grades 4-8. 59th year. Catalog. Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 47, Fork Union, Va.

JUNIOR Military Academy—Boys 4-14. Kindergarten—8th grade. Family life, affectionate care. Enter any time. 12 month enrollment, summer camp. Moderate rate. 36th yr. Catalog. Maj. R. De Berry, Box B, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

MARION Institute—115th yr. Accred. military Jr. College & 4-yr. college prep. in heart of Deep South. Sr. ROTC. Individual attention. Sports. Special prep. for Army, Navy, Air Force Academies. Viewbook. Registrar, Box B, Marion, Ala.

SEWANEE Military Academy—Div. Univ. of the So. Accred. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Boys Taught to Study. ROTC Highest Rating. Sports. 10,000 acres. Episcopal. 89th yr. Catalog. Col. Craig Alderman, Supt., Box T, Sewanee, Tenn.

TENNESSEE Military Institute—Boys planning to attend engineering schools, leading colleges need thorough preparation. Over 90% of graduates enter colleges. Grades 8-12. 83rd yr. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endsley, Box 20, Sweetwater, Tenn.

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HOWE Military—Accredited preparatory. Potential Achievement Rating gives individual goal. Jr. school. Sr. Basic ROTC. Sports. New dorms, pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Summer Camp. Catalog B.B. Bouton, 1676 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

KEMPER Military School—Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Accredited. Small classes. 8th grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, horsemanship. 112th yr. Dir. of Adm. 1576 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

MORGAN PARK Military Academy—Superior academic program. Accred.; 90% enter college, Grades 4-12. ROTC: Cavalry, Band, Art, music, drama. Shop. Sports. 84th yr. Catalog. Col. C. L. Jordan, Box 1676, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

NORTHWESTERN Military & Naval Academy—College prep. Est. 1888. Accredited. 75 mi. Chicago. Avg. class 10. Fireproof bldgs. Mod. facils. Sr. ROTC. Basic. Sports. Summer Camp. Catalogs. 187 S. Lake Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wisc.

PILLSBURY Academy—Prepares boys for college or career. Accred. Grades 6-12. Small classes. Individual attention. Guidance. Sports; pool. Military training. 80th yr. Mod. cost. Catalog. Lloyd Holsinger, Box 397-T, Owatonna, Minn.

ST. JOHN'S Military Academy—Helps boys develop character. Fully accred. Grades 7-12. Conference-type classes; inspired teaching. ROTC highest rating. Sports. Summer Camp. Catalog. Dir. of Admissions. Box 1676 Delafield, Wisc.

WENTWORTH Military Academy—Thousands of business, professional leaders started here. 4-yr. H.S.; 2-yr. College. Accredited. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Sports. Summer school & Camp. 77th yr. Catalog. Col. Sellers, 476 Wash. Pl., Lexington, Mo.

CO-ED PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

ELGIN Academy—College prep. Coed, grades 7-12. Small classes. Individ. PAR goals through personalized guidance. Balanced activities. Sports, pool. Music. drama. Mod. dorms. Endowed. Est. 1839. Cat. M. L. Brett, 230 Academy Pl., Elgin, Ill.

WAYLAND Academy—Prepares boys and girls for all colleges, universities. Grades 9-12. Small classes, supervised study. Religious, home atmosphere. Music, drama. Gym, pool, all sports. 101st yr. R. A. Patterson, Box 79, Beaver Dam, Wisc.

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GIRLS' PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

CHARLES E. ELLIS School—Girls, grades 5-12. MSA accredited. College preparatory, art, music, home ec. sec'l. 300-acre campus, sub. Phila. Modern stone bldgs. Sports. Catalog. Arnold E. Look, Ph.D., Pres., Newtown Sq. 7, Pa.

RADFORD School for Girls—Accredited college preparation in ideal year-'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, drama, secretaryship. Sports, riding. Catalog. Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Prin., 4503 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

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WOOD Secretarial School—Courses for H.S., Private Schl. grads & College women. Placement service. Dorm. 77th yr. Enroll now for July, Sept. Cat. Adm. Dean, 125 Park Ave., (100 E. 42 St., opp. Gr. Central), N. Y. 17, Ox. 7-1290.

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BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

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PARSONS School of Design—Professional training based on Fine Arts. Interior. Fashion. Advtg., yr. certificate. 4 yr. degree thru N.Y.U. Summer, eve. Catalogues. Box E, 410 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22.

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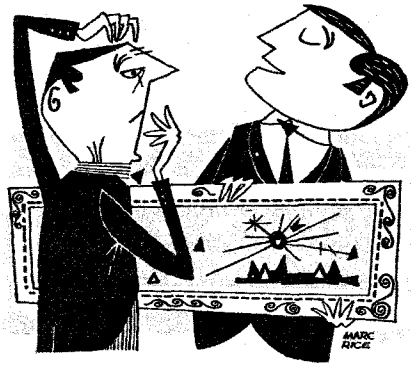

SHOWING HIS DAUGHTER'S painting to an obviously confused friend, the proud father announced, "She's studied abroad, you know."

"Ah, that explains it," cried the friend. "I've never seen a sunset like that in this country."

—*The Liguorian*

A FACTORY WORKER had a somewhat exaggerated case of bursitis. One morning, queried by his boss, he lifted his arm a few inches and complained: "This bursitis is very bad today; I can get my arm up only this far. But yesterday," he went on, stretching his arm high above his head, "I could reach way up here."

—BETTY ZYGMANSKI

GRANDMA SARAH, though suffering from many of the ailments of old age, stubbornly refused to see the local doctor or permit any sort of medical examination.

Her daughter, worried, decided to call in a well-known physician from a nearby city. When he arrived, she told him to quietly conduct his examination and not pay any attention to what Grandma Sarah might say. After he had left, the daughter went up to her mother's room.

"Who was that new lawyer who was here to see me?" asked Grandma.

"That wasn't a lawyer; that was a doctor from the city that I called."

"Oh," said Grandma Sarah in surprise. "I thought he was a bit familiar for a lawyer."

—EDWARD L. FRIEDMAN, *The Speechmaker's Complete Handbook* (HARPER & BROS., N. Y.)

THE PROPRIETOR of a general store in rural Maine was appointed postmaster. Months went by but no mail came from the new post office. Officials wired for an explanation.

In due time they received this terse reply: "THE BAG AIN'T FULL."

—RAY FREEDMAN

WHEN TWO MEN LEFT a restaurant together, one gave the hat-check girl a dollar tip.

"You made me look cheap—giving a tip like that," the other complained when they were outside.

"Can't help it," replied his friend. "Look at the hat she gave me."

—*The Modern Woodman*

A TEEN-AGER SAW an advertisement for, "A valuable book, including information every young girl should know before she marries, with full instructions and illustrations." She sent for the volume and received—a cook book.

—*Modern Medicine*

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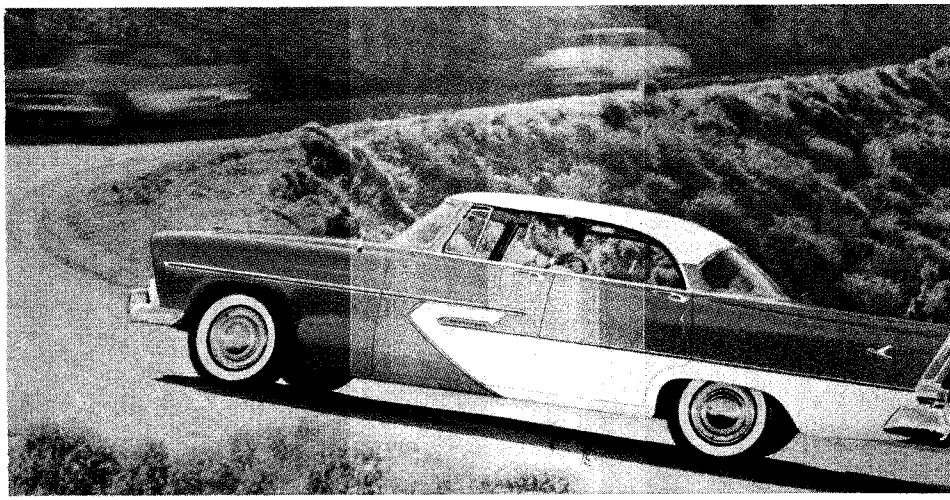

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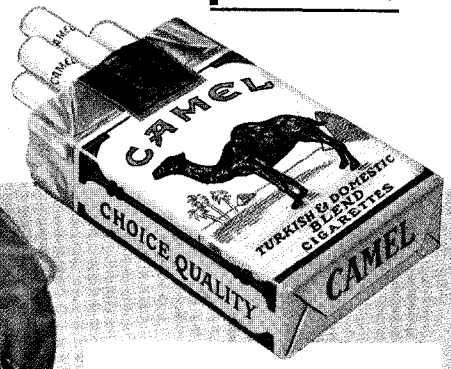

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